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# THE LATIN SCHOOL REVIEW

OCTOBER, 1888

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# THE LATIN SCHOOL REVIEW.

VOL. III.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., OCTOBER, 1888.

No. I.

THE *Review* is published monthly during the school year by the undergraduates of the Cambridge Latin School. Communications may be left with any of the editors at the School, or mailed to Arthur P. Stone, 28 North Ave., Cambridge, Mass. Contributors will please write on one side of the paper only, and sign their names in full, though not necessarily for publication. The *Review* is for sale at Amee's, Harvard Sq., and at Hunnewells, No. Cambridge.

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## THE MONTH.

ABOUT a month has elapsed since the beginning of school and at last the first number of the *Review* greets its readers. The much agitated question as to whether the paper would come out this year is emphatically answered. Everything about the school is in first class condition, excepting of course the building and that is about as comfortable as could be expected. The teachers remain the same except that Mr. Parmenter has succeeded Mr. Stone as instructor in Physics, and Miss Canfield is temporarily filling the place of Miss Warren. The scholars are nearly all back and the overflow is sumptuously accommodated at the police station in Brattle Square.

The foot-ball team is a promising aggregation of young men and under its able captain bids fair to repeat if not excel last year's record. The boys are already discussing as to where the Inter-Scholastic Foot-Ball Association cup shall be kept.

The Glee Club has not yet met but it will undoubtedly organize before many days. The only defunct member of the school societies is the Debating Society. A faint effort was made to revive the sainted dead at the beginning of the year but as only seven members attended the first meeting the society gradually became a nonentity. In this manner, to the shame of the school, the best society of its kind in or around Boston was allowed to sink into "innocuous desuetude."

The generosity of the donors of the cup for the



Inter-Scholastic Foot-ball Association, demands that every school should do its best to get a good team and to give it good training. The whole aim of the Association is to train up good men so that the University captain will not be obliged to spend his time in drilling raw men. If all the teams do their best there will be no difficulty in sending some men into the Freshman class that will be useful to the foot-ball interests of their college.

The fall tennis tournament is evidently a thing of the past, and in all probability the spring tournament will soon be in the same condition. This makes us again warn the school that it is advisable, if not absolutely necessary to form some association that shall have the control of the school athletics.

A short time ago the Dorchester High School or some member speaking for the school put a notice into the *Boston Herald* saying that Dorchester was ruled out of the Association because the teams were afraid it would obtain the championship. It also said that the Dorchester team and the English High School team were stronger than any of the teams in the league. Since that time the Boston Latin, one of the association teams, has defeated the English High School. Dorchester has refused to accept our challenge and after it had challenged us and had been accepted sent a note on the day before that on which the game was to be played refusing to play. In view of their statements this seems to be a very curious proceeding.

We are glad to see that the Manual Training School is receiving instruction in military drill. This is good as far as it goes but it only takes a step in the right direction. There is no reason why the system should not be extended so as to include the High and Latin schools.

#### LA VIE.

RAIN still fell in the now long since glistening streets. Each object of reflection caught and shot back the beams of the electric lights with dazzling brilliancy.

Over head all was dark.

A sparsely populated horse-car, that pertinent barnacle to fast populating districts, rattled by.

A carriage, closed to the gale, and weather proof, rumbled drowsily by over the slippery pavements. The more spirited clanking of the horse's feet would have scarce caught the attention of a careless observer, but to the young, impetuous, impatient occupant, their spirit seemed to infuse itself with his now long since agitated, nervous, despondent mood.

The shades were drawn and he was startled from his reflections only at the cabman's tone of imperial dignity: "333 Brougham, sir, your servant."

Alighting quickly he gave some hurried directions to the statue-like personification of English dignity, and, unclasping the gate, disappeared into the all-pervading gloom of the terraced grounds.

"Your coat hand 'at, sur, 'ave you please; me young master requested you be shown to 'is study immediate hon your hairrival, sur."

Having divested himself of these articles, put his cane, for some unaccountable reason, across the two upper pegs of the hat-tree, thrown a glance at the large, oval, oak-framed mirror,—he, without announcement or ceremony, bounded up the broad stairs, around the alcove, and stopped short.

"By Jove, I must not let him see that I am in a rage."

Then more slowly moving, after overturning numberless fur rugs and other ornamental floor rubbish in the dark, he came to his "chum's" room, paused, consulted his watch—vaguely wondered whether he could hit the knob the first time, or go bungling around like a clubman at one o'clock in a vain endeavor to find the key hole; thought of Beatrice, and entered the room.

There was no lamp.

Only a flickering, saffron-colored glow—warming at once and cheering met his gaze from through numberless chair backs, twisted table "members," cosy devans, rugs, truck and trap, with which a young man now-a-days delights his ephemeral existence.

A blast of sleet and rain was hurled against the huge plate windows at the extremity of the



room. The wind whistled and then died away into an agonizing wail—filled with glories to the tragic nature, chilling in the extreme to the wonder-wounded mind of young Roderic.

He softly wended his way a few steps toward the fire and saw—bathed in an effusion of glory, such as we delight to associate with some departed loved one—unconscious of a presence in the flesh, his shapely limbs—by the way, the envy of every gymnasium associate—crossed in languid indifference, presenting the sole of one shoe flat to the open grate, his hair in delightful disorder, chin bowed to his breast and hands in his pockets, his Harvey—the best of his friends.

“Harvey”—in a whisper—“Harvey, come back to the world, come back to the world of the flesh. Leave this transmigration of the soul business, and (here a vigorous twist of the nose) wake up!”

With this physical demonstration little wonder that Harvey was dazed. “By Jove,” he said, “I should hate mortally to be a door with my nose for a knob, if you should decide to ‘drop in.’”

“Why, of course, but tumble up out of that ‘lectulus’ for I have a bit of romance to propound. There, how’s that?”

Harvey rubbed his eyes, felt of his nose to see if it were all there, pulled in his legs, poked up the fire, got up and passed Rod. (as he was called), a cigar, and sat down in a cold, white, polished, old fashioned chair, as he said to wake him up, and exclaimed, “Salve, auditorus te salutat, jug that sky-scraper and begin” (this last accompanied the flight of a lucious, mellow Duchess pear).

“There—now I’m awake.”

“Well,” began Roderic, “to make a long story short, or rather an old story baited for a fool clear to you (with a desperate attempt to appear indifferent) I went, saw—and was conquered.”

Harvey’s eyes begin to assume their natural proportions, his head takes in the situation and nods itself and winks its eye maliciously, and the chair suddenly affects animation and causes him to describe a quarter circle with his spinal column as a pivot, and he generally feels wise to himself as he coughs—“ahem.”

“Oh, come, I say, be easy on a fellow. I say, eh, anyhow when he has braved this beastly night (inside a comfortable coach) to tell it to you.”

Harvey is all attention—and ears. “Well, now, if you have established your centre of gravity on a firm basis, listen. Young Landor, as you know, is in the habit of giving informal receptions at his rooms at Charing Cross, very select, you know. Well, his old governor and mine had a little conversation the other day, and during the while, I—some way or other—well, I don’t just exactly know myself, but you see—er—that young Landor day before yesterday sent me a card of compliments and introduced himself stating that he wished to make my acquaintance, and if agreeable, would be very glad to entertain me among the guests of his next reception, etc. A beastly short ‘invite’ but not to be lost!

“I replied next post.

“Well, I went—of course fifteen minutes late, and was ushered in by Landor himself. Beautiful rooms, palms, ferns, flowering plants—rich furnishings and all that sort of thing, you know, and also, a company assembled within.

“Just as I entered a beautiful creature was finishing the Beautiful Blue Danube waltz—by the way, my favorite, you know.”

Here Harvey made a motion as if to interrupt.

“Well, the evening drew on. After the ‘general business’ was despatched the party separated first to two parts, then three, four, and so on until—Harvey, will you believe it—the beautiful blue goddess of the Danube and I found ourselves alone—cloistered in a tête à tête and my heart was knocking at my tongue so that even you, Harvey, would never have recognized my voice. My conversation, Harvey, I can only liken to the tiny mountain stream flowing on in endless monotony and yet ever thrilled with the essence of life. Her’s—Harvey—her’s a variegated chain of delicious laughter, now bursting in on my sombre reflections, with the lightness and grace of a sunbeam through a storm cloud; then assuming phenomenal gravity—her delicate lips moulding sentiments worthy the most moralistic nature.

"Again bursting forth with merry peals of silvery laughter, she dashed off to the piano and played charming love ditties, ravishing waltzes, enthralling marches, and on each of these impetuous outbursts I accompanied her, turned her music, fanned her beautiful face, praised with unrestrained emotions the delicacy of her execution, her admirable technique.

"Ah, Harvey, that hair, rich hued gold of the angels, those eyes, now brilliant with emotion, now coursing back through a tangle of color unlimited in scope, indescribable in language; fine, delicate, vibrating nostrils and lips, Harvey, lips to beguile the most unresponsive; beautiful teeth—beautified rather than disfigured by an angular nersel of gold imbedded in that pearl."

Roderic did not notice the sudden flush in Harvey's cheek and its almost simultaneous withdrawal at this last bit of personnel. He closed his eyes, pressed his tongue against the top of his mouth, laid his head further back on his shoulders and said, "Charming indeed."

A silence followed, broken only by the sleepy spluttering of the fire, and the mad howling of the gale without. Roderic resumed, "Well, you know, all such evenings must close sooner or later, and as the angelus of propriety was waxing near I became desperate, reckless you might say, for so short an acquaintance. I grasped her hand and pressed it fervently to my lips. My head reeled, and in this disordered state my eyes caught the reflection of a beautiful amulet—"

"Roderic," gasped Harvey, his breath coming in short, violent gasps.—"with truly some fearful power of necromancy. For there casting out radiance as a star, nestled close in that golden hair, burning in mystic luxuriance, there, there was the accursed name of her betrothed, cunningly engraved in such a manner as to shoot forth those letters at one instant and suddenly deepen again to the color of its setting. Deeply cut by this vision—fancy, imagination, call it what you will, I, perhaps violently flung her hand from me and at the next instant regretted of it."

"Roderic," almost groaned Harvey, "what are you driving at?"

"She turned her eyes so full upon me, so true,

so frank, so innocent that that glance burned through me as lightening sometimes deadens the senses and leaves one stupified with wonder. At this moment Landor came up to us, begged to be excused for interrupting and all that, then standing still a moment absently twirling the tip of his young moustache, thrusting one hand into his pocket and placing one foot upon an ottoman, said: 'You may doubtless have wondered at my hasty request of your presence this evening. Ah well, I will explain. You see my friend, Miss Cameron, is very much disturbed—agitated—'

"Really, sir, I do not quite comprehend—"

"'Well—well—I will be clear. All Americans have a keen love for surprises and the unexpected. She particularly. A grand surprise is in store for one of your acquaintances. She advised herself through me of your power to bring it about.

"'You see, about four years ago she was reported to have been killed in a terrible railroad accident.'"

Harvey's eyes, usually unsusceptible to such an effeminate trait, were here dimmed with tears.

"'As is needless to say she was not killed, in fact was not on the train, being unexpectedly delayed after leaving home. Now her lover, after having convinced himself of her indentivity with the horribly mangled remains of a young woman of her stature, having seized a ringlet of her golden hair, besmeared, as he thought, with her life blood, without a word, except to the attending physician who afterwards was instrumental in finding his abode here in England, left for some foreign land.'"

A strange glare came into Harvey's eyes; he tried to raise his hand to Roderic, but could not; he tried to speak, but could not utter a sound above a whisper, all of which passed unheeded in the darkening shadows of the room.

"'Well, at last she has assured herself of his whereabouts, and in speaking of him with me was informed in what manner you could assist her. His name I will not disclose as yet, owing to the delay occasioned by the imperfections of her plans. He is, however, one of your bosom friends, and if I can arrange with you for next Friday noon we can elucidate.'"



"Now, I have been wondering who the deuce this acquaintance—" But here he was interrupted. Suddenly his face became ashen. He tottered to his feet and steadied himself by an easel on which rested a portrait, but which had always been covered, but now there it was exposed, by the sudden blaze of a paper which he had some time before thrown into the grate, full to his view. He gazed as one doomed to death. The face was that of Beatrice. He turned only to meet a sight still more appalling. In Harvey's left hand was the black crape covering of the portrait, and in his right held before his expressionless eyes was the identical ringlet of golden hair, bedaubed with blood which Landor spoke of. A strange sense of suffocation seemed strangling him. "Harvey," he gasped, "Harvey, Harvey, Harvey, forgive me. Don't look like that, Harvey, don't look like that. I did not know, how could I know! Don't." The poor man threw himself upon the floor, his whole frame shaking and trembling like an aspen leaf, with agony.

Harvey stood as one cut from marble. There was no color in his cheek, no movement of a muscle to betray the presence of life. His stony gaze was riveted to the portrait before him. A faint flush of color seemed to return to his lips and cheeks—lingered, wavered—and left his features cold and white as death again. By a masterly effort he reached that shrine of his love for these long, so long, dreary years, kneeled, kissed the glass again and again. Then stretching his hands to his God, at the altar of his love—breathed more in the voice of the dead than the living—"Beatrice, my Beatrice, the living God hath clothed thy phantom form with flesh, in answer to my prayers. His will be done. Amen.

## ON THE CAMPUS.

### FOOT-BALL.

WITH the opening of school, foot-ball comes on with ever-increasing interest. Everybody is interested in foot-ball from the first class to the fifth. In the spring a few gentlemen interested in foot-ball at Harvard gave a cup to be con-

tested for by the preparatory schools in the vicinity of Boston. The Interscholastic Football Association was formed in consequence of this gift, and the following officers elected: President, R. B. Beals, Roxbury Latin; Vice-President, E. B. Randall, Noble's; Secretary, J. M. Forbes, Jr., Hopkinson's; Treasurer, L. Loring, Nichols'. Cambridge has entered this association together with the following clubs: Roxbury Latin, Boston Latin, Chauncey Hall, Hopkinson's, Hale's, Nichols,' and Stone's combined, and Noble's.

A few days after the opening of school the aspirants for the team were asked to assemble on the Common, and ever since they have been busily practising. But six of last year's eleven are in the school, namely: Whittemore, Clark, Corbett, Fox, Rogers and P. Wrenn. The team will probably be the lightest that ever represented Cambridge, but Capt. Whittemore expects to have an eleven that will equal, if not excel that of last year. He will certainly do this if he continues in the way that he has begun. The only trouble seems to be that there are not enough men to practice against them. Everyone who possibly can should put on his old clothes (although this is not entirely necessary) and come up to do his share. All can surely come up to see the games and help cheer, for Cambridge needs every encouragement, if she expects to find the cup here at the end of the foot-ball season. At first the prospect looked very small, but it has constantly grown, and now every Cambridge man seems hopeful. There is much work for the foot-ball players, and in the end it is sincerely hoped that victory will crown their efforts.

On Saturday, Sept. 29, the fall meeting of Interscholastic Football Association was held, and Cambridge was represented by Capt. Whittemore and Wrenn, '90. F. W. Lord was elected as secretary in place of J. M. Forbes, Jr., who died during the summer. It was voted that games be played in two half-hours instead of two three-quarters. The Wright and Ditson ball was adopted and it was voted that the association should supply the ball for each contest.

The following are the association games that Cambridge plays this year:

Oct. 19, Noble's on Cambridge Common.

Oct. 26, Hopkinson's, on Cambridge Common.

Nov. 2, Hale's, Nichols' and Stone's combined, on Brookline Common.

Nov. 16, Roxbury Latin, on Brookline Common.

Nov. 30, Chauncey Hall, on Cambridge Common.

All games will commence at 3.30 P.M. sharp, and it is a foregone conclusion that Cambridge will win all of the above.

CAMBRIDGE 30; Noble's, Gr., 6.

The first game of the season was won by our eleven on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 10. Although they did not play as well as they undoubtedly will later, they were more than a match for their opponents, the graduates of Noble's school. Corbett made several good rushes on two of which he scored touchdowns.

Freshmen, 24; Cambridge, 6.

Cambridge was defeated by the Harvard Freshmen team, Wed. Oct. 17, by the score of 24 to 6. The result was not a surprise considering the weight of the Harvard men. All the eleven played very pluckily and tackled well, but the weight of their opponents told gradually. Towards the end of the first half it looked as if our eleven would score but time was called with the score standing 12 to 0. Our only touchdown was scored by Whittemore, who got the ball after the freshman half-back had muffed it. The goal was kicked by Corbett. The freshmen made five touchdowns, and from these only two goals were kicked. Mr. Hale, Harvard, '91, was referee.

#### THE BROOKLET.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

Thou Brooklet silvery and clear  
Thou hastenest ever in thy career;  
Upon thy bank I stand and ponder  
Whence thou dost come, where thou dost wander.

I come from darkling rocky dell  
My course lies over moss and fell.  
Upon my surface shines so true  
The lovely image of Heaven's own blue.

My childhood happy is and fair  
I'm driven on, I know not where,  
He who hath called me from the sod  
He think I, He will be my God.

R. J. M.

#### GOETHE.

OF all the men of letters Goethe was, perhaps, the most famous, since in every department in which he wrote, he excelled, and of all the Germans he was undoubtedly the most renowned. He was for nearly fifty years the leader of German literature, and indeed, almost gave to the literature of Germany the place it holds to-day.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe was born in Frankfort-on-the-Main on the 28th of August, 1749. His family was rich and well-known and he received an excellent education. His father was an obstinate and self-willed man, who lived in seclusion among his books, interfered little with his family, and was feared rather than loved by them. Goethe's mother was much younger than her husband, and as much a sister to him as mother; she was a bright, quick-witted woman, and Goethe has said that most of his bright spirits came from her. When he was nineteen he entered the University of Leipsic, and, in opposition to his father's wishes, studied literature instead of law; from there he went to Strasburg, but at neither place followed any regular course of study, his health failing at both.

In 1770, he returned to Frankfort and began his career as an author. When twenty-two (three years later) he wrote his maiden essay, the translation of which was Sir Walter Scott's first attempt in literature. Soon after, his most famous early production *Werther* appeared, which founded his reputation; it is said of it that every one who reads it reads something about himself.

In 1775, he was asked by Charles Augustus, the duke of Saxe-Weimar, to come to his court, and spend his life at Weimar, the seat of the University of Jena. A year later he moved there, and a friendship was formed which lasted as long as they lived. As Goethe had a great deal of administrative talent and business ability, he held many offices in the ducal government, and, finally, in 1815, became the prime minister, and kept the position till 1828, four years before his death.

From the time he went to Weimar till his



death, he hardly went outside the state. Most of his time he spent in writing and in his duties as statesman.

In 1790, he produced the first part of *Faust*, and six years later he wrote *Wilhelm Meister* and *Hermann and Dorothea*. *Wilhelm Meister* is his greatest prose work and the English translation by Thomas Carlyle almost equals the original.

He wrote much between this time and his death, finishing the second part of *Faust* six months before he died. This is undoubtedly his masterpiece, and it has been said to contain, "The wildest and coarsest outbursts of passion and the most sublime and touching innocence of the heart, the flattest and most trivial stages of intellect and the highest aspirations and innermost longings of the human soul, forming a picture of human nature to which no literature has an equal."

Indeed the range of Goethe's mind is more astonishing than anything else; searching the truths of science and at the same time writing crosswise on a piece of paper, for fear he would forget it, some little poem, which is so beautiful that the collection of them alone would make him famous.

Of real peril or fear he was insensible, and his self-command was remarkable. He is described as being so handsome and noble looking, his face expressing so much courage and kindness that when he entered a room everybody would stop talking to look at him. Savata, the physiognomist, one of his firm friends, says of him, "unspeakably sweet, an indescribable appearance, the most terrible and lovable of men." He was very reserved and even cold to strangers but on nearer acquaintance his friends were more than charmed with him.

Like Napoleon, he was superstitious; and had noted the 22nd of March as a fatal day. On that day he had lost a valued friend, the theatre on which he had spent so much labor burned and on that day, he died. The following anecdote is told of him, that on one occasion he threw a valuable pocket-knife into a river to find out whether he should be a painter or not. If he saw the knife plunge into the water from the bushes, bordering the river,

behind which he stood it should signify success, and if not failure; he did not see it and so gave up and never became a painter.

He lived only a little time after he finished *Faust*, dying on March 22, 1832. He was buried in the ducal vault, by his friend Charles Augustus, at Weimar.

R. J. M.

## "SYLVAN" DUCK HUNTING.

### DRAMATIC PERSONAE:

*Ye three conspirators*  
*Ye energetic hunter*  
*Ye quarry.*

SCENE:—YE MERRY WILDWOOD.

### SCENE I. *Ye three conspirators plotting.*

*Ye First Conspirator.* 'Tis time, and o'er the trees the silver moon doth shed effulgent rays upon the surface of the lake. Take thou the quarry, O most noble comrade and on the place where it should wear a vest, drive thou the staple firm. And to this now with one accord will we a stone affix, so that his quarry may not float away.

*Ye Second Conspirator.* Yes, take thou the barge, and we, from off this terrace green, will watch, and if while thou with beating heart and trembling hand dost moor the game, the object of this plot shall come, signal to thee we'll send by three low notes blown quick upon the piscatorial flute.

*Ye Third Conspirator.* 'Tis well, I go my lords. Keep thou the guard while I alone within the silent watches of the night, this duty will perform. (*Exit third conspirator.*)

*Ye Second Conspirator.* What thinkest thou brother? Will this plot succeed, on which so much depends; or will he, for whom it is prepared perceive our game?

*Ye First Conspirator.* Most surely it will work; from us he never will suspect fowl play.

*Enter Ye Third Conspirator.* 'Tis done and now upon the gentle ripples of the cove, as if endowed with life, he floats, and ever and anon his course he seems to turn obedient to the gentle zephyr's call. Indeed it is as fine a duck as ever fooled a goose. But soft, he comes, and we must now away, and let us careful be, lest we our plot betray. (*Exeunt Conspirators.*)

### SCENE II. *Enter Ye Energetic Hunter.*

*Soliliquizes.* How dull the morn! It looks as though a ducking we might get ere set of sun. Yet I cannot see why my three comrades should thus delay within the tent till this unusual hour—but what is yon dark spot upon the lake? It moves! it is alive and I will steal into the tent, and therefrom get the gun, and

when in triumph I return, my comrades envious, shall ask why I should thus obtain the prize. (*Exit Energetic Hunter. Returns in a short time with gun. Enter Conspirators.*)

*Ye Energetic Hunter.* What ho! my comrades, is not that I see upon the lake a duck?

*Ye First Conspirator.* It is, it is indeed! What luck?

*Ye Third Conspirator.* At least it looks like one.

*Ye First Conspirator.* Aim low, with care, he is not out of range. Now! Let her go! (*he fires.*) Well done, you hit him square, the scathing lead did scatter all around! Sees't thou? He cannot fly!

*Ye Third Conspirator.* You've winged him sure. Reload! Hast thou no load? Here, take this one, and e'er he swims away—

*Ye First to Ye Second Conspirator.* As good a joke as e're was sprung!

(*Hunter fires again.*)

*Ye Third Conspirator.* Thou hast him now, he can neither swim nor fly, take thou the boat and bring him in. (*Exit hunter.*)

*Ye First Conspirator.* Indeed if yon brave sportsman hath not killed the duck he hath well-nigh crippled me.

*Ye Second Conspirator.* But look, how carefully he that decoy doth now approach? (*Hunter seizes the duck.*)

(*Chorus from the bank.*) Haw, haw, 'd yer hit him?

(*Hunter's voice in the distance expostulates violently. Voice from the bank.*)

Willie tried to shoot a ducklet which was very rude  
Willie went to woo the ducklet but found the ducklet  
wood.

(The above is a true account of an adventure which happened to a well-known scholar of the school during his summer vacation)

*Conspiratores.*

#### NOTICES.

BACK NUMBERS of the *Review* (excepting Nos. 2 and 3 of Vol. I) can be obtained of the Business Manager at half of the usual price. No numbers of Vol. III will be sold as back numbers.

GRADUATES are requested to subscribe for the *Review*. Price 75 cents per volume.

#### SCHOOL NOTES.

—Lots of nice things 'round room 1.

—The weight of the team averages 145 pounds.

—Swan '90 will not return to the school this year.

—Berry's position on the Glee club will be hard to fill.

—Jewett, '88 is in the wholesale grocery business in Chicago.

—Lucas, formerly of '90, is attending the Lawrence Scientific school.

—Where are our exchanges. Not enough to star an exchange column.

—Wendell of '89 is attending the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

—What is the matter with holding a presidential election in the school?

—The Misses Parker formerly of '89 are attending the Boston Art School.

—We wish that all our exchanges would favor us this year as they did last.

—Hildreth, '89 will probably have a place on the Dartmouth college eleven.

—Wrenn and Berry both of '88 are trying for positions on the Freshman eleven.

—The eleven is as good if not better than it was last year, at least so say the critics.

—Burns and Burnham former members of the team have coached the men some this year.

—Contributors to the *Review* are advised to write in ink and on one side of the paper only.

—Stone, '89 has been elected president and Allison, '89 secretary of the B. T. Debating Club.

—A large number of the scholars have joined the Harrison and Morton torchlight battalion.

—The first victim was found in a team consisting of the graduates of Noble's school. Score 32-4.

—Under the head of *Notices* we shall be glad to insert any notices pertaining to school affairs.

—'89 had only one condition. That isn't very bad considering that there were 289 papers written.

—The second class is altogether too large. Well it will be somewhat diminished by next September.

—Mr. Stone has obtained the position as head of the chemistry and physics department at Phillips Exeter.

—As we do not ask very extensive financial support, the scholars might do a little more in the literary line.

—We have received the following exchanges. *The Monitor, The High School Graphic, The Fabberwocks and Prairie Breezes.*

—The subscription price of the *Review* has been reduced to 75 cents a year. All our graduates are requested to subscribe.



—The girls beat the boys last year in Geometry for the first time in the history of the school. Can they do it this year? Well, perhaps.

—The scholars at Brattle Square should remember that they are members of the school and should let us hear from them as frequently as possible.

—“*Quintum genus est parricidarum, sicariorum denique omnium facinorosorum.*” (*Cicero’s Oration against Cataline.*) Wasn’t Mark Tully rather hard on ‘93.

—If the first class in the High School would elect an editor we would be pleased to establish a high school column and place the editor’s name on the list of Associate Editors.

### WITTY WORDS.

Josh Billings was asked, ‘How fast does sound travel? His idea is that it depends a good deal upon the noise you are talking about. “The sound uv a dinner-horn, for instance, travels half a mile in a second; while an invitation tew get up in the morning i hev known to be 3 quarters uv an hour goin’ 2 pair of stairs and then not hev strength enuff left to be heard.”

An ancient darkey, being asked by a well-known scholar of the Latin School, “Can you play ‘Johnnie get your gun?’” answered: “No, sar, but I ken play de prelude which am de same ting!”

Thanks to the second class, we now know why Dido committed suicide. Because she couldn’t stand the bustle on the shore.

Some women are things of beauty but a jaw forever.—*High School Graphic.*

“William,” said an Ohio mother, “stop throwing stones. You might hit a presidential candidate.”

“Is it cold up your way?” was asked of a man from fifty miles north St. Paul. “Cold?” he said, with a rising inflection, “well I should say it was. We had to give the stove four doses of quinine yesterday to keep it from shaking the lids off.”

A lawyer in Eastern Connecticut, whose reputation in the community was not very high, met an old gentleman one day and said to him, “Do you know, Mr. H—, that I am a direct descendent from Miles Standish?” “Is it possible?” was the reply. “What a descent!”

A dude, while being measured for a pair of boots, observed, “Make them cover the calf.” “Heavens!” exclaimed the astonished artist, surveying his customer from head to foot, “I haven’t leather enough.”

A timid young man has married a lady whose weight verges closely upon two hundred pounds. “My dear,” he says to her, “shall I help you over the fence?” “No,” says she to him, “help the fence!”

“So there’s another rupture of Mount Vociferous,” said Mrs. Partington, as she put down her paper and put up her specs; “the paper tells us about the burning lather running down the face of the mountain, but it don’t tell how it got on fire.”

It was a German orator, who, warming with his subject, exclaimed, “There is no man, woman, or child in the house who has arrived at the age of fifty years, but what has felt the truth thundering through their mind for centuries.”

“Speaking of the different kind of taxes,” queried the teacher “what kind is it where whiskey is taxed?” “I know,” said one boy, holding up his hand. “What is it?” “Syntax?” shouted the young grammarian.

A photographer gives the following directions to his customers:

When a lady, sitting for a picture would compose her mouth to a bland and serene character, she should just upon entering the room, say, “Bosom,” and keep the expression into which the mouth subsides until the desired effect in the camera is evident. If, on the other hand, she wishes to assume a distinguished bearing, not suggestive of sweetness, she would say “Brush,” the result of which is infallible. If she wishes to make her mouth look small, she must say “Flip,” but if the mouth be already too small and needs enlarging, she must say “Cabbage.” If she wishes to look mournful, she must say “Kerchunk”; if resigned, she must forcibly ejaculate “S’cat!”

“Copy! Copy!” cried the foreman of the great New York daily, as he rushed into the editor’s sanctum, “I must have a column of copy inside of ten minutes.”

“Have you used everything?” asked the anxious editor.

“Yes, everything.”

And the anxious editor always equal to the occasion, turned to a sub-editor and thundered out: “Sit down and write me a column letter from Portland, Me., on the failure of Prohibition. Fill it full of facts, figures and incidents; and if it isn’t done in ten minutes I’ll bounce you from the force.”



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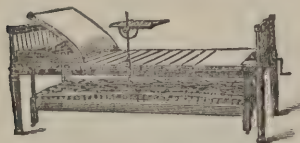
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THE LATIN SCHOOL  
REVIEW

NOVEMBER, 1888

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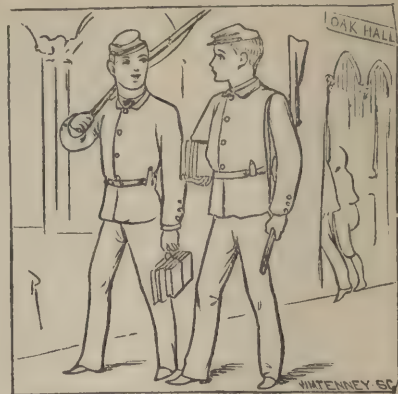
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# THE LATIN SCHOOL REVIEW.

VOL. III.

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## THE MONTH.

WE have noticed at the recent foot-ball games on the common a slight tendency on some of the scholars towards "muckerism." Cambridge has always been considered, and justly we think, a place where a visiting club could expect first-class treatment. Now we hope that every fellow in the school will do his best to keep up this reputation. It will sometimes happen that an umpire or referee will give a decision against us, but that is no reason why every one should commence to groan, make cat calls, and perform other vocal imitations. It is undoubtedly true that there are other schools where this practice is flourishing, but Cambridge never has and never will, we hope, allow anything of the kind. A fair field and no favor is what we ask, and therefore, is what we should be willing to grant. We want every fellow to be up on the common ready to cheer, and we want the eleven to be supported in every possible way, but we do not want the reputation of the school to be lowered.

We must ask the scholars in the lower classes to contribute more to the paper. We cannot make the paper interesting to them unless they will try and make it interesting for themselves. The paper is published for the school and not for '89 and '90. Another thing we have to complain of is that the girls will not do anything for the paper.

"Cannot is false, that they dare not, falser,  
They will not do it."

If we could get such support as other schools give their papers we could greatly improve the *Review*.

We supposed that the Glee Club would re-organize after its wonderful success of last year but it seems that it will not. Are all our school societies going to die as soon as one member leaves?

### A CAPE COD VILLAGE.

ONE of the most interesting parts of New England is Cape Cod, or as it is known far and wide, "The Cape." It is not possible for me to give any detailed description of it as pens more skilful than mine have tried to convey accurate ideas and it seems to me have utterly failed. I have heard and seen the inhabitants described as stingy and ignorant, and it seems to me that it is just the other way. I have heard the Cape called an immense "sand hill," and I have frequently seen parts of it as fertile and good as you could find in any other part of Massachusetts.

But while I always found the inhabitants hospitable and the country pleasing, there is, I must acknowledge, a certain quaintness about both that is certainly refreshing. It was my good, or my ill, fortune to spend nearly half a year in a little Cape Cod village. The railroad did not pass near this place and consequently the inhabitants were left undisturbed in their antique manners and customs.

The village was quite a large one, as I afterwards learned, and comprised, including the suburbs, eight houses. The village store was kept in the blacksmith shop and consisted of a choice array of pipes, lamp wicks, shoestrings, and other articles, not of a perishable nature. There was also a small stock of candy in which the storekeeper seemed to have a most flourishing trade, selling ten or fifteen cents worth in a single day.

At the southern end of the village on a slight elevation, from which it commanded an extensive view of a lake, over the wide expanse of intervening cranberry bogs, was the village school. The building was nearly as good as the one the C. L. S. occupies, but not quite as large. Further along on the side of the bog was a more pretentious building which I took

for a high school until I was informed that it was a "bog house." I have since learned that a bog house is a building where cranberries are stored and where the pickers sleep. The school was not in session while I was there, but I learned that it was an unusually large one. The year before three districts had been joined together and consequently the school consisted of eighteen scholars. The teacher received a large salary—some thirty-five dollars a month—and "boarded round."

The village church would form an interesting topic for discussion, I have no doubt, but unfortunately there was no church. A neighboring village, about three miles away, was the proud possessor of a church, but meetings were only held there semi-occasionally.

Beyond the school was the grave-yard, and the number of the graves spoke well for the health of the community. Two thoughts came into my mind as I looked at the small enclosure, one being that the "forefathers of the hamlet" had evidently put the grave-yard there because nothing but a grave-stone would grow on the spot. The other was suggested by the sight of a dilapidated marble slab leaning woefully against the outside of the fence. How or when it came there I do not know, but after gazing at the carving and inscription on it, I came to the conclusion that the corpse threw it over the fence to get rid of it. I would if I had been that corpse.

It always seemed to me particularly appropriate that the school house was placed on the edge of the cranberry bog, as certainly it was the aim of every child in the place to become a bog owner. A cranberry bog is the sum total of every child's desires, and the owner of the largest bog in town is of far more importance than the President. In the picking season everyone that is able to walk is on the bogs and whole villages will be met with whose only inhabitants are a few centurions, and an equal number of infants.

But I have no reason to complain of my stay in this little community for never have I met with warmer welcomes and better hearts than those I found among Cape Cod folks.



## A MODERN "MISTLETOE-BOUGH."

NOVEMBER had been rainy. The leaves had been all sombre yellows and browns, and now at last the trees were bare. But December!—The sun seemed determined to make amends for his former ungentlemanly behavior and beamed cheerily, sending a perfect golden flood through the wide windows of Miss Prescott's "Select School for Young Ladies," and making golden flecks on the brown head of a girl who stood looking out at the soft fleecy clouds and their background of deep blue sky.

"May, ma mignonne," cried a clear voice, "why here you are looking quite as blue as the sky which has at last consented to show us its face." The speaker was a tall, fair girl with merry blue eyes and a glad look in her face that was very winsome. She stole an arm about the other, who seemed glad to be so caressed, and whispered, "Miss Prescott is going to Yorkshire for a two-weeks vacation, and we, let your mind grasp the whole delicious thought, we are to have those two weeks at home in addition to our Christmas vacation." This announcement produced the desired effect, for May grasped her friend's hands and executed a wild waltz down the corridor and back again. Recovering her breath she cried, "Do you really mean it, Leslie Burton? Are you quite sure? It's too intoxicating to believe all at once."

"Well, now that you have survived that announcement," said Leslie, "I will propose my little plan. You are to spend the whole time with us at Grayton, dear, and no refusal can be accepted."

"O Leslie, this bliss is quite too much, refusal I cannot positively give to such a delicious offer."

So it was arranged and the girls spent a happy time in packing and saying goodbyes.

\* \* \*

A week later the two girls alighted at the door of a great rambling stone house set far back in its spacious grounds and built in architecture a century old. The hall was very large, with oaken fire-place and settle, and stags heads,

game-bags, rods and guns suspended on the walls. The girls were conducted by a trig little maid up the broad stairs to a great cheery room where a wood fire blazed merrily on the hearth.

"Janet will help you dress for dinner," said Leslie, "I am almost too tired to be hungry. Oh here is mother, bless her heart," and she threw herself impetuously into the arms of a sweet, white-haired lady who had just entered, quite disarranging the tiny lace cap in her eager embrace. With an indulgent smile Mrs. Burton turned to May and graciously welcomed her.

"When you are dressed, my dears, come down to the drawing room. I am quite sure that you will be quite ready for dinner after your cold ride, and Leslie, I forgot to say in my letter that Tom brought home an Oxford friend with him for the vacation. He is a nice man and I think you will like him." As the mother left them, May turned to glance curiously around the pretty room. The furniture was dark and richly carved, and the heavy hangings gave a touching sombreness. But the fire crackled and danced and threw odd shadows and flecks of light across the room, glancing on the pure white hangings of the odd canopied bed, and on Leslie, as she stood before the cheval-glass coiling the shining golden braids behind her pretty head.

"I am sure that we are going to have a glorious Christmas," May said, as Janet brought her tea-gown from the trunk, "and O Leslie, how sweetly you are looking to-night." Excitement had flushed the cheeks and brought a sparkle to the eyes of both girls, and indeed they made a pretty picture as they descended the broad staircase together. They paused at the last broad landing to examine an exquisite painting of the open sea, tossed into foam by the wind. The drawing room portiere was pushed aside and the brilliant lights revealed a tall youth seated at the piano and playing some soft rippling music. By his side leaned a man, several years older, whose dress and manner possessed a careless grace.

The two men were alone and, quite unaware of the nearness of the girls, they chatted freely. "For my part," said Tom, striking a few rich chords, "I really don't like many girls. They

are either to shy or silly. Now I would far rather have a girl cold and haughty than silly. My sister is about right, of course; I have never met her friend so I can't enlighten you as to her characteristics.

Richard Graham laughed. "I like girls in general but not anyone in particular. Tom, I really think that it would be the most delicious joke if this stranger should prove charming and captivate you despite your fine skepticism, after all. You really haven't the slightest idea how entertaining such a little romance would be to the rest of us."

"Upon my word," and Tom turned squarely around to look into his friend's mocking brown eyes, "upon my word, you are the coolest fellow I ever saw. I would be most happy to amuse you but this is a trifle to much."

A gay voice began to sing some blithe little ditty in the hall, and the girls, with suspiciously brilliant color, advanced bravely to meet their critics. Tom rose and bestowed a kiss on Leslie's cheek, then turned to be presented to May. Both bowed stiffly and felt relieved as Richard came forward and with a few words about their journey, drew them into a chat which lasted until dinner was announced.

The dining-room was large and furnished in warm reds and browns and a fire roared up the deep chimney behind the bright brass fender. The girls chatted incessantly as school-girls will, and the men were not at all behind them in this respect. "Well, little mother," said Tom, turning as they rose from the table, "What good times have you planned for us for our vacation? Tobogganing and skating and sleighing of course. Do you skate, Miss May? jolliest sport going, no end of fun, don't you think so?"

"May skates as well as she dances which is divinely," said Leslie affectionately, "and I think with five heads we can plan something pretty nice. O Tom dear, play a waltz for us, we haven't danced for so long;" and as Tom obligingly complied, the two friends whirled away down the long hall, leaving Richard to watch them for a moment and then to join his friend in the drawing-room. Tom turned to him and said, "Not bad looking, anyway, which is some comfort if I must needs comply with

your lordship's demand. I'm not so sure but I'll like it after all, just to please and amuse you Ritchie, old fellow."

"Oh you needn't exert yourself, said Richard carelessly, she's more to my taste than yours," and he sauntered off to the breathless girls who stood flushed and panting by the door and begged for his turn.

Mrs. Burton now entered and offered to play so that all might dance and Leslie and Richard, Tom and May went gayly dancing through the dim hall, into the library, and back.

"What shall we plan," cried Leslie, as they came back again and rested on the soft, deep cushions under the wide windows.

"I have it," said Tom, "we'll make a Christmas-night party with dancing and games, invite everybody, you know," he added vaguely.

"Now, Tom dear, we want some music," said his mother.

"What will you have? something gay, sad, grand, or tender," said he, sitting down at the piano and running his fingers lovingly over the keys.

"Sad," said Leslie, turning down all the lights but the piano-candles.

"Tender by all means," said Richard, in a mock-sentimental voice, casting his eyes toward the ceiling and letting them fall by chance upon May's happy, unconscious face. So Tom began, a rippling, musical theme, that was echoed from the bass, swelling and dying away like the sweet toned bell of a convent. Then came notes quick and passionate, slow and pathetic, varying with the musician's mood until he lost himself in his music and put his whole soul into it. The soft shadows played about the room, softening all angles, and the music flooded the air with a low, sweet volume of sound. Now a quaint little dance of long ago with odd rhythm and fantastic changes pealed merrily from the keys, which eluded one's memory; then it glided into a wordless song, and so on and on, all the evening he played, unconscious as were his listeners of the rapid flight of time. As the last chord died away, May drew a long breath of pleasure and murmured, "It is too lovely to end," and Leslie ran to her brother and giving him an approving little pat, cried, "Really I never heard you play



so grandly before, I am very proud of you dear."

"Tom plays at College chapel now," said Dick, "we fellows are proud of him too, I can tell you."

That night as Richard threw himself into an arm-chair in his own room he exclaimed, "By Jove! she's pretty and charming, too." But to which of the young ladies he referred, he did not say.

\* \* \*

Every day some new pleasure was planned and carried out. Skating parties, tobogganing, sleigh-rides followed each other rapidly. At last Christmas day arrived. "We're to go down and trim the church with greens this morning," said Leslie, "the boys went to help cut the trees yesterday and to gather the greens. Everybody comes and the church looks so prettily and is so spicy with odors of pine and hemlock." Half an hour later, May was standing at the top of a ladder, fastening a wreath of holly to the top of a memorial tablet. The sunshine streaming into the chancel, fell in a broad bar across her warmly colored gown and the wreath she held. Richard stood below, holding strings and hammer, and keeping up a running fire of chat with all the busy men and maidens who were rapidly transforming the brown arches and chancel-chairs with greenery and scattering a liberal store of it over the carpet to the huge dismay of the aged and rheumatic sexton. Leslie was making a cross of ivy and holly for the reading-desk when suddenly with a cry, May, who had leaned in her eagerness too far out from the ladder, slipped and fell. Richard half caught her and broke the force of her fall, and with crimson cheeks she tried to rise and say that she was unhurt. But alas! her left ankle was so badly sprained that she had nothing to do but sit down again and protest that with a little rest she would be quite right again. So the little crowd, which had gathered sympathetically around her, dispersed again to the trimming, and only Richard was left, standing with a comic look of anxiety on his face, and strings clinging to his coat in all directions. "You'll surely be able to dance to-night will you not, Miss May? I have been anticipating that," he said, as he laughingly freed himself from the strings and began to twine a wreath around the nearest pillar.

"O yes, thanks," said May, "it's so provoking not to be able to help any more in this trimming now."

"You know I wasn't doing anything before so now I can take your share," answered Richard.

"Don't you think Miss May, that you could let me go home with you now so that you may rest for the evening? Tom can drive Miss Leslie, and you know we came in the village cart, which is low and easy to climb into."

"You're very kind and I think I will let you," May said, and was soon ensconced among the robes, and driving briskly over the hard road.

The others returned early and Leslie, all anxiety, rushed immediately into May's room, to find her utterly dismal over the fact that dancing was out of the question for her that evening. "Well, never mind," said Leslie, "We'll not dance at all, but fill the whole time with games and Tom's music." Janet helped the girls robe themselves in dainty white gowns with pure white roses at their belts, and May awaited their guests the more merrily since they had discovered that she could walk with a slight limp.

The evening passed happily. Games succeeded each other rapidly and at last Leslie said, "now for one game of hide and seek. I give you all a carte-blanche to wander over the first two floors wherever you like."

"I'll be the one who seeks," cried Richard, and covering his eyes he began to count in childish fashion while the guests scattered to their hiding places. Leslie pointed out to May a quaint old, carved, oaken-chest which stood open in the dark lower end of the hall; and quickly gathering up her silken skirts, May secreted herself in the spacious depth, shutting down the lid, since the open-work carving gave air enough for comfort. As she waited and listened to the sound of Richard's footsteps far off, the long-forgotten story of the Mistletoe Bough came into her mind. With a quick leap of her heart, she tried to raise the lid. Impossible! the stout oak yielded not an inch to her trembling fingers. Again she pushed desperately with a faint cry.

Richard hearing a slight sound advanced with cautious step down the dim hall to the

corner whence the sound proceeded. He reached the chest just as May with one sob fainted from terror. Richard quickly raised the lid, for in closing its brass hasp had become clasped, and with terror lifted out the crumpled silken mass, until May's white face rested on his shoulder. "Dearest," he whispered, waving her ostrich fan frantically.

The great dark eyes opened and a generous flood of crimson mantled the soft cheek, and gave conclusive evidence of the little lady's recovery. As she struggled to her feet, he asked a little tenderly if she were quite recovered. "Yes" she said, sobbing, "but oh, I had such a horror of dying like the lady in the 'Mistletoe Bough.'"

With a sudden eagerness he cried, "That lady was the bride of him who sought to find her. May not that part of the story come true and will you not be my Christmas gift, dearest?"

May ventured one shy glance into the brown eyes above her, then gave her hand into his. With an odd shyness quite new to him, Dick drew a sprig of mistletoe from his pocket and said, softly, "May I take now that which I had longed to snatch tonight?" and a moment after he added, with a little gay laugh, "Now you are truly my lady of the Mistletoe Bough."

### ON THE CAMPUS.

THE following is the standing of the clubs in Interscholastic Football Association. The contest is very close, and the rest of the games will be of vital importance. By failing to appear for the game with the combination team, Chauncey Hall forfeited her membership in the Association. The Boston English High School was admitted at a special meeting, and will play all games that were scheduled for Chauncey Hall.

	GAMES.		POINTS.	
	Won.	Lost.	Won.	Lost.
Cambridge	4	0	112	0
Boston Latin	4	0	132	9
Roxbury	3	1	48	44
English High	2	1	16	42
Combination	1	3	46	52
Hopkinson's	0	5	10	126
Noble's	0	4	9	100

### CAMBRIDGE, 36; NOBLES, 0.

Cambridge won her first championship game from Noble's school on Friday, Oct. 19, on the Common. The game was one-sided but very interesting to the 200 Cambridge boys who saw it. The ball was put in play promptly at 3.30 with Cambridge having the northern side of the field. The superiority of our team was immediately manifest, and the ball went dangerously near Noble's goal. Thayer got the ball, and made our first touchdown from which Corbett failed to kick a goal. Noble's kicked off at the 25 yard-line, but it was useless, as Clark soon carried the ball over the line, Corbett kicking the goal. Play started at the centre of the field again, and our opponents rushed the ball into our territory for the first time. Rogers then made a fine rush down the field near Noble's line where he again received it and made a touchdown. No goal was kicked, but Corbett soon scored again, failing to kick the goal. Time was called with the score standing 18 to 0 in favor of Cambridge. After a rest of a few minutes the teams changed sides, and Cambridge put the ball in play. Corbett made a brilliant rush nearly scoring a touchdown. The ball was kept here for some time, when Fox secured it behind the line and Corbett kicked the goal. During the rest of the time Clark and Corbett each got touchdowns the latter making another fine rush. Goals were kicked from both of these. The features of the game were the rushing of Corbett and Rogers, and the tackling of Rogers and Whittemore. The team played as follows: Rushers, Whittemore '91, Wrenn '90, Thayer C. H. S., Henshaw '89, Rogers '89, Moore C. H. S., and Fox '92; Quarterback, Stevens '89; Halfbacks, Clark '90 and Corbett '90; Full-back, Whitman '91. Mr. Bachelder, Harvard '92, and Mr. Crane, Harvard '90, refereed and umpired.

### CAMBRIDGE 6; FRESHMEN 6.

On Tuesday, Oct. 23, our eleven played a tie game with the Harvard Freshmen. The game was very well played especially on our part. Our rush-line played with great snap and got through quickly. In the first half neither side scored although there were many brilliant plays. Towards the end of the last half Carpenter of the Freshmen made a short rush, and secured a touchdown in the extreme corner of the field.



The goal was kicked. The ball was started at the centre, and went quickly toward the Freshmen's goal, where Corbett made a fine rush, and scored a touchdown from which he kicked a goal. This tied the game as time was called before anything else could be done.

#### CAMBRIDGE 36; HOPKINSON'S 0.

Our second championship game, which was played Oct. 26, resulted exactly as the first, 36 to 0 in our favor. Our team play was almost perfect, the men blocking off beautifully. The rushing and kicking of Corbett was magnificent while Whittemore and Whitman also played very well. Hopkinson's end rushers tackled finely, and the rest of the team played very pluckily. The game started with Hopkinson's kick-off, but Cambridge soon got the ball and by repeated rushes forced it near the line where Corbett secured our first touchdown and kicked the goal. After some hard playing in the centre of the field, Wrenn rushed over the line and a goal was kicked, making the score 12 to 0. This ended the scoring for the first half. In a few minutes play was resumed, and then our eleven gave an exhibition of some of the prettiest playing seen on the Common for many years. After our players had done some excellent work, Corbett rushed the ball over the line. He did this three times in rapid succession, and kicked a goal each time, one of them being very difficult. The game ended with a long rush by Whitman who secured a touchdown. Mr. Hale, Harvard '91, was referee, and Mr. Gage, Harvard '92, umpire. The following was the make-up of our team: Rushers, Whittemore, Wrenn, Thayer, Haines, Rogers, Mulford, and Moore; Quarterback, Stevens; Halfbacks, Corbett and Whitman; Full-back, Clark.

#### CAMBRIDGE 18; COMBINATION 0,

Our team played their third championship game on Nov. 2, with the combination team from Hale's, Nichol's and Stone's private schools of Boston. It was the hardest game that our eleven has played in the championship series. The playing was quite rough, each side making a good many fouls. Corbett played his usual brilliant game, and the playing of Clark and Whitman was very good. For the Combination

team McAllister and Hallowell made many good rushes. Cambridge started the ball off, and Rogers carried it to the 25 yard-line. The Combination soon got it only to lose it again. By good work Corbett secured a touchdown at one side, and kicked the goal making the score 6 to 0. Neither side scored in the remaining time although the Combination came near it. After the customary rest, the ball was started off again, and immediately went towards our goal. McAllister rushed it to within five yards of the line, but Cambridge now made a decided brace and forced it back to the centre. Play continued there, neither side gaining much ground, until Corbett made a good rush, and scored a touchdown from which he kicked a goal. It became quite dark and the combination team weakened. Just before time was called, Whitman made a fine rush, and obtained our third touchdown, Corbett kicking the goal. Mr. Hale, Harvard '91, and Mr. L. McK. Garrison were referee and umpires. Our team played as follows: Rushers, Whittemore, Wrenn, Thayer, Haines, Rogers, Moore, and Fox; Quarterback, Stevens; Halfbacks, Corbett and Whitman; Full-back, Clark.

#### CAMBRIDGE 6; NEWTON 0.

On Nov. 7, a practice game was played between our eleven and the Newton football team on the Magnolia grounds, at Newton. The game ended rather abruptly, but still it was a victory. A touchdown was scored in the first half by Whitman from which Stevens kicked a goal. In the second half Rogers made a touchdown, but the Newton captain claimed that the ball was not put in play. The referee decided the point in favor of Cambridge, and the Newton captain refused to play thereby forfeiting the game.

#### FRESHMAN 10; CAMBRIDGE 4.

The tie game, which was played Oct. 23, between our eleven and the Freshmen, was played off Nov. 13, and resulted in favor of the Freshmen by the score of 10 to 4. The game was very exciting, and at one time it looked as if our team would win. As it was they played one of the best games that they have played this year. The Freshmen got their touchdown and goal, which won the game, less

than a minute before time was up. The tackling of all the men was worthy of notice, especially that of Rogers.

The following are the championship games that the teams have played:

- Oct. 19. Boston Latin, 18; Combination, 4.  
 " 20. Roxbury, 14; Hopkinson's, 10.  
 " 26. Roxbury, 18; Noble's, 0.  
 Nov. 2. Boston Latin, 40; Noble's, 5.  
 " 3. English High, 10; Hopkinson's, 0.  
 " 9. Boston Latin, 36; Hopkinson's, 0.  
 " 9. English High, 6; Noble's, 4.  
 " 12. Roxbury, 16; Combination, 12.

### THE LAY OF ALAS.

With face dejected and pale,  
 With eyes so tired and weak,  
 A Latin School scholar sat in her chair  
 Learning her Latin and Greek.  
 Grind! Grind! Grind!  
 (She belonged to the second class),  
 And still in a voice of dolorous pitch  
 She sang the lay of Alas.

"Grind! Grind! Grind!  
 When the sun's first rays appear,  
 Grind! Grind! Grind!  
 Till the "wee sma' hours" are near.  
 I'd rather have lived and died  
 When ignorance was the rage,  
 And girls had never a lesson to learn,  
 Than in this cultured age!

"Grind! Grind! Grind!  
 Till the brain begins to swim,  
 Grind! Grind! Grind!  
 Till the eyes are heavy and dim;  
 Greek and Latin and French,  
 French and Latin and Greek,  
 Till even in dreamland I get no rest  
 But learn them again in my sleep.

"Oh teachers with knowledge so sweet!  
 Oh teachers with all-wise brains!  
 You are not only filling our heads with facts,  
 But also our bodies with pains!  
 Grind! Grind! Grind!  
 At home as well as in school,  
 Gaining at once and with equal speed  
 A headache as well as a rule.

"Grind! Grind! Grind!  
 My studying never stays,  
 And what are its wages?—A middling card,  
 And rarely a word of praise,

The forms of my letters criticised,  
 And then the proverbial straw  
 Which fractured the back of the camel,—they ask  
 That I study my lessons still more.

"Oh but for time to rest!  
 One hour to call my own!  
 No time for reading story-books,  
 For they are things unknown;  
 But only a respite to ease my brain  
 For I fear it growing weak;  
 But no, I must rush from Physics to French,  
 And then from French to Greek."

With face dejected and pale,  
 With eyes so heavy and weak,  
 A Latin School scholar sat in her chair  
 Learning her Latin and Greek.  
 Grind! Grind! Grind!  
 (She belonged to the second class),  
 And still with a voice so sad and low,  
 Oh could the teachers but hear its woe!  
 She sang the lay of Alas.

G. H. C.

### SCHOOL NOTES.

— What is the matter with having a hare and hounds run?

— Wrenn, 88-92, is playing end rush on the freshman eleven.

— There is a rumor that the debating society is to be reorganized.

— The boys that came to school with new hats the day after the election must be looked out for. They are suspicious characters.

— Now that the arduous duties of the campaign are over the scholars will be able to seriously consider subjects of Greek, Latin, French, German, etc.

— We wish again to call attention to the *Notices*. We shall be very glad to publish under that head all advertisements or notices pertaining to school affairs.

— The Second Eleven played a game against the Manual Training School team, and defeated it by a score of 6 to 4. The game was characterized by very loose play on both sides.

— '90 is having a fine time with "correlatives," "comparison of adjectives," "principal parts," "sequence of tenses," etc. We have been there. It tastes bad going down, but it will do you good.

— It may not be polite but it is certainly convenient to refer to '93 as the "jail birds." However, as far as the *Review* is concerned '93 is all right. If '92 and '91 would do as much for the paper as '93 the editors would have the satisfaction of gloating over a surplus.



— Berry, '88-92 is having good success in the Harvard Glee Club.

— The *Review* is on the road to prosperity. We have a small surplus!

— There is some talk of an Inter-Scholastic tennis tournament for next spring.

— We are sorry to hear that the Newton High School Lyceum is also defunct.

— Hildredth, '89 is half back and captain on the Dartmouth freshman foot-ball team.

— The eleven should realize that there is but one captain and should try and let him do *part* of the talking.

— Quite a number of C. L. S. boys got the election returns on Newspaper Row. There was also an unusual amount of failures on Wednesday morning.

— At the close of their game with Boston Latin the Hopkinson eleven after the customary cheers for Boston Latin, the Referee, and the Umpire, gave three times three for Cambridge. Thanks awfully.

— We have a record to announce. During the past month we have not received a single article from any person who is not on the editortial staff. And yet it is these same people who never write anything that are always so free with their advice. Advice is a good thing but it don't satisfy the printer.

— The cup for the football association is to have a wreath around it consisting of twenty leaves. The name of the winning team is to be placed on these leaves until all are filled. Then the team having won it the greatest number of times will take it. It will probably adorn a handsome cabinet in the C. L. S.

#### HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

— '92 hasn't got tired yet of playing ball every recess.

— We were sorry to lose the Latin School German scholars.

— '90 is preparing an herbarium under the direction of Miss Scudder.

— Several scholars from '89 are attending the Evening Drawing School at Brattle Sq.

— Burdett, '89, and Boyer, '89 are forming a banjo and guitar club. Members are wanted just now.

— One of our teachers tells us that it counts for a good deal to know that we don't know our lesson.

Gray, '89 was out of pocket about 50 cents, as the

result of an election wager. He "treated" the boys to turnovers.

— Sixteen incandescent electric lamps have been put into Room 1, and fourteen in Room 2, for the use of the Evening High School.

— There is lots of fun sitting up all night to see a "Brilliant Display of Meteors," and be rewarded by having only two or three show themselves.

— The Manual Training School is occupying one wing of the new building. The pupils wear square paper caps, and striped overalls and jumpers while at work. To see them at work is quite suggestive of a certain institution of learning over in Charlestown.

— The election held by the first class on election day, resulted as follows:—

Total number in class.....	60
" " of votes cast.....	49
For Harrison.....	42
" Cleveland.....	4
" Fisk.....	2
" "Belva".....	1
Non voters.....	11

#### WITTY WORDS.

— Hercules wasn't good enough for this earth so he "got fired."

— The greatest nutmeg ever known met with a grater. — *High School Times*.

— We take the following from a choice collection of epitaphs published in the *High School Bulletin*.

"Sacred to the memory of Charley and Varley,  
Sons of loving parents who died in infancy."

— A man in Kansas accidentally fell into a vat of boiling oil. His bereaved children erected a tombstone to his memory, with the brief but touching inscription: "Par-boiled."

Put away these little breeches,  
Do not try to mend the hole;  
Kittie Eddie will not want them,  
He has climbed the golden pole.

— Some friend of Cæsar—Brutus, perhaps—once asked the great Roman whether he deemed a liberal education necessary to success in life. "I do," said Cæsar. "I attribute my success to the thorough grounding I received in the dead languages at school. Indeed, I could not have attained my present eminence in Roman affairs without Latin.—*Chicago Tribune*.



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DECEMBER, 1888

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**BOSTON, MASS.**



# THE LATIN SCHOOL REVIEW.

VOL. III.

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No. III.

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## THE MONTH.

Now that the cup is ours we can without partiality review the situation which the Boston Latin management created by their protest. The point in issue was that one of the Boston Latin players had been unjustly disqualified. As to the justness of the disqualification we can not state as it must be a matter of mere personal opinion. But this in one sense has no bearing upon the legal aspect of the affair. The Committee of Donors had appointed Mr. Blanchard to umpire the game, and had by that act guaranteed that he was fit for the position. It appeared to him that there was sufficient reason for disqualifying the Boston Latin man and the Committee of Donors were bound to accept his view of the matter. The same point was raised by Harvard in the fall of '87 and the colleges decided that they could not reverse the decision of the umpire or referee on the field. It is easy to see that if this were not the rule every decision of the referee or umpire might be questioned and it would be impossible to play a decisive game. It was but natural to suppose that Boston Latin would seize any opportunity that offered, for protesting the game but it seems strange that they should not have seen how utterly useless their protest must be. They may say that if Mackie had not been disqualified they would have won the game, but they could have raised an equally strong point by saying that they would have won if they had been strong enough. When a player so forgets himself as to peril the prospects of his team by his actions he makes a misplay and must lose by it. This is the spirit with which rules are made, and with which they ought to be considered.

It is refreshing to note the evidences of intelligence which occasionally come from the lower classes and to see the pleasing avidity with which they enter upon the pursuit of knowledge. The other day the first class received some copies of *Nepos* which had evidently been carefully studied. Upon every one of the first fifty or sixty pages could be seen evident traces of the mental gymnastics which the youthful mind had performed. It only wanted a sure confirmation of the suspicion that some pages must have been literally devoured, to impress upon '89 the fact that '92 would be worthy to maintain the scholastic reputation of the school. But we would wish to impress upon their ardent, eager, information-seeking minds a couple of facts that we have deduced from a wide and varied experience. It is a good plan and conducive to general health to wash your hands before you begin to study, especially if you have not washed them since you left off playing football. The amount of mental nutrition that cannot be got out of a book without tearing its binding off is not very great and your standing will not be materially diminished if you omit it.

We are glad to see that the Debating Society has taken a new lease of life and hope that this year will be more prosperous than any of the preceding. The principal reason of its decline last year was owing to the sameness of the meetings. Members were tired of hearing the same debaters and the same style of speaking and wanted some variety. This will undoubtedly be furnished by the large number of new members who have joined in the reorganization of the society. Great care must be taken, however, in the amalgamation of the new and the old elements of the society or there will be disaster and party strife at the opening of what ought to be a successful era in the history of the society.

### THE GAME OF FOOT BALL.

FOOT-BALL is one of the oldest out-door games, though little is known of it until Edward the Third of England prohibited it by a public edict because it interfered with the practice of archery.

Mission, who seems to be the oldest authority says, "In winter, Foot Ball is a useful and charming exercise. It is played with a leather ball (about as large as one's head), filled with wind. This is kicked about from one to t'other, by him that can get at it, and that is all the art of it."

One of the old books of English pastimes of it as follows, "When a match of foot ball is made, two parties each containing an equal number of competitors, take the field and stand between two goals. The object of either party is to drive the ball through the goal of their antagonists, which being achieved the game is won. When the exercise becomes exceedingly violent, the players kicked each other's shins without the least ceremony and some of them are overthrown at the hazard of their limbs."

Little more is heard of it, except in poetry, till the danger attending it caused James the First to say, "From this court I debarre all rough and violent exercise, as the foot ball, meeter for lameing than making able the users thereof."

In England the game has progressed into the modern Rugby game, in which no one can touch the ball except the goal tend, and a scrimmage takes the place of our rush-line.

The American or Association game of foot ball is very modern, only being introduced in 1880. Before that time rushes with a foot ball were held between the different college classes, each side being formed of a whole class. I remember hearing a description of one at Yale, in which the Sophomores, who had the ball, gave it to their heaviest man, and placing him in front all fell in behind him, making a solid mass some hundred strong, carried it the whole length of the field, against the freshmen, who could do nothing but watch.

But foot ball games like these have degenerated into rushes and the real game of foot ball has confined itself to eleven players and become one of the most scientific and best of out-door sports. For those who play, it is the most exciting of all games, calling into use every muscle of both body and mind, while it builds a man up more than any other out-door exercise.

The two sides in a game seem to me to be more



like an army than any thing else; the full-back representing the artillery, the half-backs the cavalry, the end rushers the light armed troops, and the rest of the rush line the heavy infantry, while the quarter-back acts as commander.

Perhaps it would be well to explain several phrases which are little understood by the uninitiated as "blocking off," "on side," and a "wedge."

"Blocking off" is a very modern feature of the game, being only introduced by Yale year before last; it consists in keeping between the man on your side who has the ball and those of the other side so that he cannot be tackled or stopped.

After the ball has been kicked and has touched one of the opposing side, every one is "on side," that is, one of the side which kicked the ball can take it and rush with it.

A "wedge" is also a comparatively new feature, and is generally a letter V made of rushers, with the man having the ball in the middle.

It is in a well trained team that science is evident where the whole eleven acts as a single person and as if moved by a single thought. The signs, too, form one of the most scientific parts of the game, though to a looker on they are nothing, yet to the whole team every motion or attitude of the quarter-back tells them who is to rush with the ball, through what part of the rush-line he will go, where they ought to be and what they ought to do.

It is for these signals too that the ingenuity of the team is taxed, as the more natural the motion the less likely the other side is to know it, indeed, each team fondly hopes the other side know none of their signs.

*R. J. M.*

### ON THE CAMPUS.

Cambridge 22; Roxbury Latin 0. Cambridge played her fourth championship game, Nov. 16, on the common with the Roxbury Latin School team and succeeded in defeating it by the score of 22 to 0. In the first half Roxbury played the better game, and came very near scoring. But in the second half our team

improved, and scored three touchdowns and two goals. Burns played finely, and Corbett made many good rushes. For Roxbury, Sherwin and Ellis made the best plays. The teams lined up as follows:

Cambridge.	Positions.	Roxbury.
Whittemore,*		Atwater,
Wrenn,		Beals,*
Thayer,		Wheelright,
Clark,	Rushers.	Woodworth,
Rogers,		Cummings,
Moore,		Adams,
Fox,		Meehan,
Stevens,	Quarterback.	Cabot,
Corbett,		Sherwin,
Whitman,	Halfbacks.	Ellis,
Burns,	Fullback.	Hoag,

\*Captain.

The Cambridge team had the ball first, and rushed it nearly to the 25-yard line, where they lost it on the fourth down. After several short rushes, the ball was kicked down the field, and Corbett got it. He made one of his old time rushes through the whole Roxbury team, and secured a touchdown. The ball was started off at the centre, and, after a long rush by Ellis, went to about five yards from our line. Here our opponents made many attempts to carry it across but were stopped just at the right time, and no score was made. The half ended with the ball very near the line. In the second half, the Cambridge boys started in with a rush, and had things about as they pleased. Corbett soon made a touchdown from which he kicked a goal. A few minutes later he again scored, but failed to kick the goal, as it was a difficult one. Burns now made the best rush of the game, and, by some fine dodging, obtained a touchdown, Corbett kicking the goal. As time was soon called the score was 22 to 0. Mr. Brooks, Harvard, '92, was referee, and Mr. Crane, Harvard, '90, umpire.

THE CUP IS OURS!

On November 23 the game which virtually decided the inter-scholastic championship was played on Brookline common with the Boston Latin School team. Our eleven won by the

score of 6 to 0, after a hotly contested game. It was a great victory and wholly deserved. The Cambridge High and Latin Schools have always been very liberal in the support of their athletic teams, but on this occasion they fairly outdid themselves. Six four-horse barges, including two from the Manual Training School, were literally packed with Cambridge admirers. Almost everybody had fish-horns, and a large number had crimson flags. Everybody reached the grounds safely, and the game soon began. The teams played as follows :

Cambridge.	Positions.	Boston Latin.
Whittemore*,		Stearns*,
Moore,		Furber,
Rogers,		Hildreth,
Clark,	Rushers.	Gallivan,
Thayer,		Byron,
Wrenn,		Sears,
Fox,		Anthony,
Stevens,	Quarterback.	Kendricken,
Corbett,		Broughton,
Whitman,	Halfbacks.	Mackie,
Burns,	Fullback.	Waters.

\* Captain.

The ground was very hard owing to the frost but the players did not seem to mind it. Cambridge won the toss and took the ball. Burns received it and made a short rush. Boston Latin immediately got the ball on four downs, and Broughton rushed to our 25 yard-line only to lose it on a foul. At this point Mackie was disqualified, and Paul took his place. Then there followed some very hard playing, neither side making any decided gains until our boys by good teamwork, carried the ball to within ten yards of their opponent's goal. It seemed now as if they would score but Boston Latin played for all they were worth, and forced our team back to the centre, where playing was continued until the end of the half. After the customary rest, both teams started in again, each determined to win at any cost. This time Boston Latin had the ball, and carried it, by a good rush of Kendricken, to our 25 yard-line, but lost it on four downs. Cambridge started in to play with great snap, and away went the ball down the field to victory. Repeated rushes by Wrenn, Burns, and Corbett carried it almost over the line. Then Stevens made a good pass

to Corbett, who ran around the Boston end-rush, and scored the touchdown, which proved to be the winning point. Cambridge's adherents went nearly wild with delight. Horns were tooted, flags waved, hats thrown into the air, the boys hugged each other, and for five minutes there was a perfect pandemonium. It was with difficulty that the field was cleared, and, as soon as the noise had abated somewhat, Corbett coolly kicked the goal as if it was a every day occurrence. Our opponents seemed entirely discouraged, and in a few moments after the ball was started, Broughton was forced to retire. Our team failed to score again, but undoubtedly would have, had not the time been shortened at the request of the Boston Latin captain. Thus ended a game which will be long remembered by Cambridge boys. The quarterback playing of Stevens was very steady, and his tackling was superb. Wrenn, Corbett, and Fox also played well. For Boston Latin Broughton and Waters played the best, and in blocking off, the team as a whole fairly excelled our team. Mr. Brooks, Harvard, '92, and Mr. Bancroft, Harvard '88, were referee and umpire. They did their work in a fair and impartial manner.

#### A TIE GAME.

On Nov. 28. our team visited Fall River to play the local high school team for the championship of the State. Our boys went down full of confidence, but returned, convinced that the Fall River team knew how to play foot ball pretty well. The game ended in a tie, each side scoring two goals and two touch-downs. The team accompanied by a few followers, left the Old Colony station in Boston on the 11.40 train, and after considerable delay on account of wash-outs arrived at Fall River at quarter of two. The grounds were about a quarter of a mile from the station, and contrary to expectations, were in a very good condition. It was decided to play two three-quarters instead of halves. The following was the make-up of the teams :

Cambridge	Positions,	Fall River.
Whittemore*,		Mason.
Moore,		Packard.



Rogers,		Hart.
Clark,	Rushers.	Mathewson.
Thayer,		O. Peirce.
Wrenn,		Highlands.
Fox,		Stevens.
Stevens,	Quarterback.	Gee.
Corbett,	Halfbacks.	Borden*.
Whitman,		Gray.
Burns,	Fullback.	C. Pierce.

\*Captain.

Fall River had the kick-off, and rushed the ball to our 25 yard-line, but lost it. Our team immediately rushed the ball into their opponent's territory, by good rushes of Corbett and Burns, where it remained for the next twenty minutes, our team almost scoring several times but Fall River had possession of the ball a greater part of the time. They played a game different from any that has been played against our eleven this year. They rushed almost entirely through the centre, and would generally gain just enough to retain the ball. Towards the end of the first half the ball was rushed into our territory and Fall River came near scoring. Neither side was able to score in this half. After ten minutes' rest the teams lined up again, and Cambridge rushed the ball to their opponent's ground. In this half the playing of our team improved, and by good rushes of Whitman and Burns, the latter succeeded in obtaining our first touchdown, from which Corbett kicked the goal. The audience, which heretofore had been quite noisy became suddenly silent, but they soon had occasion to shout as Fall River started the ball off with a rush, and, for all our team could do, steadily gained, continually bunting through the centre. Finally Gray, who had been doing some excellent work rushed over the line. The touchdown was little to one side, but Mason easily kicked the goal, making the score 6 to 6. Our team weakened a little now, and their opponents continued to play the same game. Again the ball went slowly but steadily down the field, and, as the first time, was at last forced over the line by Borden. The crowd was overjoyed, and wildly rushed on the field as Mason kicked the goal. As there were only about ten minutes to play, the situation looked very bad for Cambridge, but

our team did not give up by any means. The ball was started off, and they played with great snap. In a few moments Corbett kicked the ball far towards Fall River's goal, and our rushers went after it. C. Pierce muffed it, and the ball bounded into Wrenn's hands. A touchdown was easily scored, Corbett kicking the goal and making the score 12 to 12. Fall River did not seem to mind this reverse of fortune, but started in playing better than ever, and the ball went quickly towards our goal. Our team played their best, and no score resulted, the ball being about 15 yards from our goal when time was called. Our eleven did not play as well as usual, and fumbled several times in the first half, when they undoubtedly would have scored had they not done so. The Fall River team played a very steady game. Burns and Corbett did the best work for Cambridge, and Gray and C. Peirce for Fall River. Mr. Hale, Harvard '91, was referee and Mr. Highlands, of the "Tech." eleven, umpire. As the train was an hour late, the time was spent very pleasantly in singing and cheering, and at last the party arrived in Cambridge a little before ten, after having had a very enjoyable trip.

#### CAMBRIDGE 18; ENGLISH HIGH 0.

The last game of the season was played Nov. 30. on the Common with the Boston English High School team. Our team won easily by the score of 18 to 0, making a clean record for the year by not having lost a point in the championship series. As this team had been badly beaten by Boston Latin, our team played in a very listless way, and did not seem to care much about scoring. In the first half, Whittemore and Burns secured touchdowns, and Whittemore again got a touchdown in the second half. Corbett kicked a goal from each of them. The English High played well at times, and had the ball in our territory frequently.\* Mr. Hale, Harvard '91, was referee, and Mr. Ellis of the Roxbury team, umpire.

The following are the championship games which the other schools have played:

\*Our team played as follows: Rushers, Whittemore, Moore, Thayer, Haines, Rogers, Clark, Fox. Quarterback; Stevens. Halfbacks; Corbett and Whitman. Fullback; Burns.



- Nov. 17, Combination 22; Hopkinson's 0.  
 " 19, Boston Latin 30; English High 0.  
 " 24, Roxbury 18; English High 4.  
 " 27, Boston Latin 8; Roxbury 0.  
 " 28, Hopkinson's 8; Nobles 0.

The struggle for the magnificent cup, the emblem of the Intercholastic championship, resulted in a glorious victory for our team. Boston Latin came second with one game lost, while Roxbury, English High, and the Combination followed in that order. Hopkinson's and Noble's brought up the rear, the latter not having won a game. The following is the final standing:

	Games.		Points.	
	Won.	Lost.	Won.	Lost.
Cambridge	6	0	136	0
Boston Latin	5	1	140	15
Roxbury	4	2	66	56
English High	2	3	20	78
Combination	1	3	48	52
Hopkinson's	1	5	18	118
Noble's	0	5	9	108

### HOW A QUARTET SAW THE GAME AT BROOKLINE.

To begin with, we were four enthusiasts ("cranks" we might have been called by unenlightened persons), and we had made up our minds that we *must* see that game. It was necessary to our existence.

How to do it, became the question. Some one tried to get twenty girls and hire a barge, but alas! the barge could not be hired, much to the disappointment of many. Then one bold damsel said to a select party of three, "Why can't we ride over?"

"Certainly, my dear, of course we can, but will you please inform the inquiring mind if we are to ride 'on the wings of the wind' or on faith?" This from our irrepressible member.

"Well," answered Effie, as we will call her, "I think papa won't use the horse this afternoon, and if he don't we four can go in the carryall."

"Agreed?" we cried in chorus.

"But," said one, "Effie, dare you drive such a Bucephalus?" (record 1 mile in 2 hours and 10 minutes).

"Yes, if you'll all help in case he should go?"

"O yes, of course we will!" So it was decided, and after dinner was disposed of, away we went,—with the bottom of the carriage lined with shawls, wraps, etc; also a hot flat-iron, put in by one wise matron; and the drivers needed it, too, for it was cold work holding the lines with thin kid gloves.

The steed slowly but surely went to Longwood bridge, and across it, then we halted, for none knew the way any farther.

"I think the Common is near the Cypress St. Station—I know it is," said our irrepressible.

"Where's that? and how do you get there from here?" demanded the driver.

"I don't know, it's over that way," with a wave of the hand to at least three of the cardinal points.

"Ah!" sarcastically, "you locate it as definitely as Miss—— did the Equinoctial—it's in the sky. This is evidently on the earth. Well, we can't see the North Star, so here goes. We will drive around till we get there," and off we went.

Through highways and byways we journeyed. It is the scribe's private opinion that we almost went to Boston via Longwood. At last by a lucky chance we came in sight of the Brookline town hall. "Now I know the way!" from the positive one.

"Well, you drive then, my hands are frozen. I don't believe we'll get there till its over," from our hypochondriac. Finally we reached the place, to our great astonishment, before a goal had been scored by either party. The horse had done nobly. By the united efforts of our two drivers he had been induced to accelerate his usual gait into something resembling a trot, but one driver said that her right arm was paralysed from long usage of the whip. The brother of our commander-in-chief hitched the noble equine to a post where he and another horse fraternized and rubbed noses during the game. At about quarter of four we ensconced ourselves on the grand stand in four woolley bunches, with candy and the flat-iron. Two high-minded individuals "roosted" gracefully on the edge of the top board of the stand, but

they found sitting one quarter on a half-inch plank, and the remaining three-quarters on faith, trying, and so descended to their comrades.

We watched the game. I'll not describe it, tho' 'twill never be forgotten. Our excitable member was with difficulty restrained from precipitating herself into the arms of the victorious eleven, and when the goal was made, she was firmly held by the coat-tails till the excitement was over.

A Boston Latin School teacher standing beside us, kindly explained how his boys were beating,—until *ours* made that touchdown, when, strangely, he was silent.

At the end of the game, we kindly offered to take him to his Cambridge home, thus heaping coals of fire on his head. Bucephalus was tired of being still! He really went home fast (perhaps visions of oats, etc., aided him). We left the boys still cheering and sped away down Cypress street, distancing several dog-carts in the homeward race.

Poor Mr.— He sat behind,—between the “excitable,” and the “funny members,” while Effie and Nan took turns at driving. I pity him! His boys were beaten!

The ride home was uneventful, except that at Allston crossing, our charioteer, being timid, stopped the horse to wait for the train to pass. We waited,—one,—two,—three trains went by, Bucephalus being held by one at the bridle, and another at the reins. Finally Effie grew courageous. “There isn't any other coming, I know,” and away we went across the track almost under the very nose of an on-coming locomotive!

Our equine wished to stop and investigate the big bright thing, but by a little moral suasion was dissuaded. After that we sped swiftly home, and safely disembarked with “Three times three for Cambridge!”

“NAN.”

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### PRIZE COMPETITION.

WE have decided this month to offer a prize of two dollars for the best essay upon the subjects

assigned below. A second prize of one dollar will be awarded for the next best essay. The prizes are not as large as we would wish to make them, but we hope that it will prove an incentive to those who have not up to this time given much of their attention to writing. The award will be made and the articles criticized by a competent judge. If this experiment is successful it will probably be repeated in succeeding issues of the *Review*. Competitors must observe the following rules or no notice of their contributions will be taken.

I. The essay must be written in ink and upon one side of the paper only. Competitors are recommended to use ordinary foolscap paper.

II. An assumed name must be signed to the essay and each paper must be accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the assumed name, the real name of the writer and the class and school to which he or she belongs.

III. Only scholars of the Cambridge High and Latin schools will be allowed to compete.

IV. All essays must be given or sent to the *editor-in-chief* on or before January 4, 1889.

V. The essay must be of such a length as to fill not less than one nor more than three columns of the *Review*. A column of the *Review* contains about four hundred and fifty words.

We would recommend the contestants to write *their own* ideas paying special attention to spelling, punctuation and paragraphing. All should endeavor to write in a free and unrestrained style and to avoid stilted or unnatural expression. Care should be taken to avoid slang, and Latin, Greek or French idioms. The names and essays of the winners will be published in the next number of the *Review*.

The subjects assigned for this month's competition are as follows:—

The character of Cassius as portrayed in *Julius Caesar*, by Shakespeare.

A general description of Harvard University.

The character of Oliver Cromwell.

A description of any book you have read in school.



## EXCHANGES.

WE wish to apologize to our exchanges for having been unable to publish an exchange column in our previous issues. It was unavoidably crowded out by other matter. We have received the following exchanges this year. *The Troy High School Record*, *The High School Graphic*, *The Volunteer*, *The New Method*, *The Jabberwock*, *The High School Breccia*, *The Grotonian*, *The Penn Charter Magazine*, *The High School Times*, *E. H. S. Record*, *Ogontz Mosaic*, *The Lawrence High School Bulletin*, *The Monitor*, *The Academy Scholium*, *The Chauncey Hall Abstract*, *The School Journal*, *Prairie Breezes*, *The School Record*, and *The Springfield H. S. Sun*.

The *Jabberwock* is as bright as ever. In the Nov. number, it prints a beautiful poem, "God is King," by Mrs. Whiton-Stone, and also an interesting sketch by Willis Boyd Allen.

The *C. H. Abstract* contains some very interesting matter, the article entitled "Up Mount Hamilton to the Lick Observatory," being especially good.

The poems "The Storm Soul" and Thanksgiving which the *Ogontz Mosaic* publishes are worthy of note. This paper also prints a well worded article on Frederick William.

The *School Journal* and *Grotonian* devote a large part of their space to foot ball.

The local notes in the *High School Times* may be interesting to the scholars in that school, but to us they are entirely unintelligible.

Last but not least, the *Troy High School Record* comes to our notice. This is a new exchange and has proved itself among the best we receive. The Nov. issue contains a very good description of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

W. E. S.

## SCHOOL NOTES.

—'90 has begun reading Nepos.

—How do you like the cover?

—Where shall we keep the cup?

—The Debating Society met last Friday night.

—The *Review* is all right on the money question.

—Be sure and notice the prize offer in this number.

—The High School seems quite interested in the paper.

—H. A. Davis, '87-'91, is secretary of the Harvard Crimson.

—A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all our readers.

—Dallinger, '89, was recently elected a member of the B. T. D. C.

—A synopsis and account of the work of the eleven will be given in next month's *Review*.

—It is proposed that each class organize a polo team to play for the championship of the school.

—W. D. Swan, formerly of '90 has gone to Colorado for a six months' stay on account of his health.

—Probably a large number of the players on the Harvard Lacrosse Team will be Cambridge scholars.

—We were pleased to see the familiar face of Mr. Stone at the school a few days after Thanksgiving.

—We are glad to be able to say that more contributions have been received this month than is usual.

—It is said on very good authority that the foot ball cup is handsomer than any of the college challenge cups.

—The team will probably be photographed if enough of the scholars express an intention of buying pictures.

—There was a small crowd in the Square waiting for the telegram from Fall River, on the night of the 28th.

—There is a challenge from Dorchester for another public debate, which we hope will meet with immediate attention.

—If the boys at the Manual Training School wish to elect an editor we should be very happy to establish a column for that school.

—The playing of the foot ball team in the English High game was wretched and it was fortunate that it was the last game of the season.

—If the second eleven wishes to be considered as representing the Latin School, it should practice and not make such an exhibition as it did at Groton a short while ago.

—Many scholars availed themselves of the opportunity to see the foot ball cup when it was on exhibition at Leavitt and Peirce's. It is now on exhibition in the window of No. 7 Park St., Boston, Mass.



— The Committee of Donors finally decided that there was no good reason why the game with Boston Latin should not stand as played.

— The following is the way the classes stand as regards their support of the paper. '89, '90, '93, '91, '92. What is the matter with '91 and '92.

— After the Boston Latin game a large and enthusiastic crowd assembled in front of the house of Mr. Bradbury and Mr. Hill to celebrate. They cheered everyone they could think of and then dispersed.

#### C. H. S. NOTES.

— Three cheers for Cambridge!

— The Training school boys are to do all the steam pipe fitting for their new building.

— Eighteen copies of the *Review* were sold, principally in the First Class.

— The beginners in German are reading, Wilhelmine Hillern's "Höher als die Kirche."

The First Class ranks No. II, in attendance for October and November.

Kimball '89 and some others, are forming a fencing club. An increased membership is wanted.

— The Manual Training School was represented by ✓ two barge-loads, at the foot-ball game at Brookline.

— "Four girls of '89," went over to Brookline to the foot-ball game. They cheered for Cambridge, too.

— New plank walks have been laid up to the three doors to the school. The stone steps were very slippery last winter,

— School closed on Tuesday, the 27th, for the Thanksgiving holidays. All reported prompt for duty on the following Monday.

— Short hours were in order on Monday, the 26th, also a short attendance. The storm was responsible for it, not the teachers.

— The second eleven went to Groton on the 24th. They were entertained royally, but were beaten by a score of 40 to 0. Too bad.

— There have been some lively times in the yard at recess lately; "Snap-the-whip," "Leapfrog," "Till dill," and "Hop, skip and a jump" claiming attention.

— Bradford, Reed, Turner and Wheeler, all of '89, were the only ones credited with Honors on the examination in Perspective at the Evening Drawing school.

— Reviews in Astronomy have begun, and are made more interesting than reviews in general since each scholar has a topic assigned to him for a certain day, and when his turn comes is expected to speak "intelligently" on the topic, illustrating it by drawings, apparatus, diagrams, etc; and presenting new material. The plan is not a new one, but it works well and all are benefitted by it.

#### NOTICES.

Regular meetings of the C. L. S. D. S. will be held on alternate Friday evenings at the Latin school building on Lee St.

Back numbers of the *Review* (excepting Nos. 2 and 3 of Vol. I) can be obtained of the Business Manager at half of the usual price. No numbers of Vol. III will be sold as back numbers.

Graduates are requested to subscribe for the *Review*. Price 50 cts. for the rest of the year.

All copy for the January number of the *Review* must be handed in on or before Jan. 8, 1889. Papers in the prize competition before Jan. 4, 1889. Special instructions will be given to Associate and Assistant Editors.

The *Review* will be sold only at the school or at places assigned by the Business Manager. No copies will be placed at the news-stores hereafter.

#### WITTY WORDS.

##### PARADOXICAL.

"Fishes are weighed in their scales,  
And an elephant packs his own trunk;  
But rats never tell their own tales,  
And one seldom gets chink in a chunk.  
Dogs seldom wear their own pants,  
Which fact lays them open to scorn;  
No nephew or niece fancies ants,  
And a cow never blows her own horn.  
A cat cannot parse its own claws,  
No porcupine nibs its own quill;  
Though orphan bears still have their paws,  
A bird will not pay its own bill,  
Sick ducks never go to a quack;  
A horse cannot plow its own mane;  
A ship is not hurt by a tack,  
And a window ne'er suffers from pane."

— *Selected.*

— The *Popular Science Monthly* is responsible for the following gems of physiological knowledge. They are all taken from the examination papers of the public schools.

"Digestion belongs to the lower animals."

"The extent of the mouth helps the digestion of food."

"The growth of a tooth begins in the back of the mouth and extends to the stomach."

— ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE. — A young English school-master in the Boston Advertiser, brings to light a number of queer definitions and translations which had come under his personal notice, some of which are transcribed below :

In writing from dictation, one had this variation on Scott :

"The way was long, the wind was cold,  
The minstrel was infernal old."

Macaulay's lines were made to read :

"Hard by, a flesher on a block had laid his vittles down,

Virginius caught the vittles up, and hid them in his gown."

Now for a few examples of their translation :

Vere fruor semper — "Truly I always feed."  
When the heart-broken Dido saw the ships of Æneas getting under sail, she cried, "Pro Jupiter ibit?" which one pupil rendered into: "By Jove, he is going."

One translated "Nulla mora est" into "no woman is a character." Sedesque discretas piorum — "Reserved seats for the pious."

These are taken from examination papers :

Question. Derive an English word from Necto, I bind.

Answer. Neck-tie.

Question. What is a dependent sentence?

Answer. One that hangs on by its clause.

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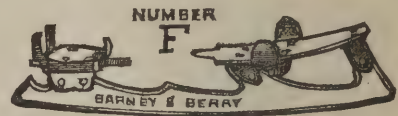
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THE LATIN SCHOOL  
REVIEW

JANUARY, 1889

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# THE LATIN SCHOOL REVIEW.

VOL. III.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., JANUARY, 1889.

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## THE MONTH.

WE are very grateful to the scholars for the unusually large number of contributions that were handed in for this and last month's *Review*. We have very little to complain of in the support that has been given to the paper so far during the present school year. If the paper had received a similar support last year, the duties of the directors and editors would have been materially lessened. There seems to have been a sudden awakening in the High School, and the scholars there have fairly outdone the scholars in our own school in their support of the paper. We hope to make the paper interesting to them as well as to ourselves, and we are always glad to publish anything of interest to our sister school. If the scholars in both schools will hand in short items that are of interest 'to the editors' they will greatly help to make the paper pleasing to all. Poems, essays and short stories are what make the paper interesting and in order to have these they must be written by those who are not on 'the board' as the editors have their time fully occupied in preparing their special departments.

It seems curious that no more essays were written in the Prize Competition. It was not probable that the prizes would prove a great attraction, but it did seem likely that there would be some who would like to write for the honor and the practice. We do not intend by this to disparage the efforts of the prize winners for it would be a very good essay that could surpass either of the winning compositions.

We are glad to see that a walking club has been started in the school. It is a step in the right direction and if more could be persuaded to avail themselves of its advantages it would be better for the school. What we need is more general work in physical exercise. The exercise is now confined almost entirely to the members of the different teams and the great majority of the scholars get little or no physical exercise. Every movement that can be made is so much further progress. If we could have a good Athletic Club and Military Drill in addition to our other means of exercises we would be in a fairly good condition.

### PRIZE ESSAYS.

THERE were only six essays handed in in competition for the prizes offered in the last number of the *Review*. These were divided among the subjects assigned as follows. Three wrote upon the "Character of Oliver Cromwell," two upon the "Character of Cassius," and one wrote upon some book which had been read in school. The following names were signed as *noms de plumes* to the articles submitted; "Caledonia," "Bret —art," "Walter E. Gordon," "Salem," "P. A. S." and "Blank." Mr. Adams kindly consented to look over and judge the essays and spent a great deal of time on them. The essays were all quite good but there were some faults that were plainly evident. The essay on "Eppie" by "Blank" contained very good thought but was hurt in places by bad grammar. "P. A. S." wrote on Cromwell but the style and thought was stilted and unnatural. The grammar and punctuation was quite good in the papers taken as a whole but the spelling in many instances showed the want of care. Such mistakes as omitting the r in "murder" and the w in "knowledge" are clearly the result of carelessness and could be easily obviated with a little endeavor. The papers were entirely free from slang but in some cases awkward expressions had crept in which marred or spoiled the clearness of the thought. The paper on Cassius by "Caledonia" was in the main very good but there were a few mistakes which could be easily

overcome. The best paper that was handed in and the one that received the first prize has been printed in this number, and the paper that received the second prize will be printed in the February number, of the *Review*. The best paper was the one written on "*The Character of Oliver Cromwell*" and signed "Salem." The writer was *Albert S. Apsey* of '89, C. L. S. The second prize was awarded to the paper on *Cassius* by *Caledonia*. The writer, a third class boy, easily distanced some of his more advanced rivals. The second prize was won by *Leslie M. Bigelow*, of '91, C. L. S.

### THE CHARACTER OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

. . . . . "that tower of strength  
that stood foursquare to all the winds that blew."

IN all ages there have been noble men who were called fanatics by their enemies, but whom the world has since honored as far-sighted heroes. A strong will, a brave heart, and a clear purpose have animated them. Such a man was Oliver Cromwell, a Puritan of the Puritans—he yet differed widely from many of his own party both in character and habit. Compare for one instant this warm-hearted, out-spoken, Cromwell with his contemporaries, Hampden, Eliot, and Pym. You turn away impatiently from their conservative, methodical ways. Yet many have been found, who would exalt to the skies the distinguished virtue of these men, while for Cromwell they have had nothing but denunciation.

This soldier-farmer was of an earnest, affectionate, sincere nature; serious almost to the verge of melancholy, and endowed with that true courage which has been defined as, "The faculty to do." He could see and act, but had no language with which either to tell what he saw, or justly what he did. For this reason perhaps as much as any other, he was so grossly misunderstood. Thus on the battle-field where clear sight and instant action were needed, he was eminently successful; but in parliament where speech was called for, he too often failed to convey any definite idea.



The charge of deception is sometimes brought against Cromwell, for this reason, possibly. He was a man of few words and rough exterior. All parties found that they were deceived in him, because they misunderstood him. He seemed to say one thing and do another, so straightway they call out that he is a liar! Yet the fault was not his, but theirs. For these men constantly came to Cromwell, with impertinent questions in regard to his plans. His aim was to leave the inquirer as much in the dark when he went, as when he came. This is what every leader who is wise and faithful must do. "For he that cannot withhold keep his mind to himself cannot practice any considerable thing whatever." So each man when he went away, built up from hypothesis of his own, a theory as to what the real intention of Cromwell was, and at last came to believe that his own idea was Cromwell's. Hence the rage of one and all when Cromwell proved to be not of their party, but of his own.

Another class accuse him of ambition and an undue desire for power, affirming that in all his actions the most subtle cunning was manifest. But consider for a moment the story of this man's life, and let us see if the fallacy of the accusation will not become evident. Until his head was gray, and old age fast approaching, it was all sufficient for Cromwell to plough his fields and reap his harvests. He lived contentedly on his farm in Huntingdon, till called by his neighbors to represent them in Parliament. He heeded their summons reluctantly, but when once there the path of duty opened up so plainly before him, that he could not but follow. When the break between King Charles and his Parliament came, Cromwell was forced by the logic of events to accept the command of a regiment in the Parliamentary army. This he made the strongest in the whole force, and it soon became famous as "Cromwell's Ironsides." From this position it was only a natural result that such a man should rise to the leadership of the entire army which, remodeled by his own masterly hand, became the best disciplined, and most powerful body of armed men England had ever seen. All this work and worry in life's evening for Duty's sake. Surely

this story does not look like the scheming of ambition.

After the defeat of King Charles and the Royalists, and when the army was all-powerful, it was but natural that its leader should hold the highest office in the state. So Cromwell became Lord Protector. But just this last step, the taking of the foremost place in the nation, was the unpardonable sin for which friends and foes alike can scarcely forgive him. Yet he could not have done otherwise and carried out the purpose of his life. It was the design and longing of his soul to make England a Puritan Commonwealth. This remained unaccomplished, and he determined to reach the goal of his purpose at all hazards. What John Knox with devout imagination dreamed of, he dared consider as capable of realization.

After that signal victory at Worcester, he saw at his feet all England, Scotland and Ireland. How should they be governed? This was the question he put to the remnants of the Long Parliament as well as to three other successive Parliaments. All these did nothing but haggle over possibilities and wrangle about formalities, until at last Cromwell, irritated by their childishness and inability, stood up and said there should be no more parliaments, since they could accomplish nothing.

But his great heroic life needs no justification. He who reads the story of his career, having a heart full of sympathy for the right, and studies carefully the utterances of this man, will find in them not meaningless twistings of words and phrases, but the sentiments of a pure heart, the purposes of a strong will, and the proofs of an upright life.

"It was not to *men's* judgment that he appealed, nor have they always judged him well."

SALEM.

[The above essay won the first prize in the January Competition. *Ed.*]

#### SEA-SIDE PLEASURES.

ONE pleasant day last summer was the beginning of a few weeks' pleasure at the sea-side. A two hours' ride in the hot steam cars and a



short, jolting ride after that over rough, country roads in a barge, brought us to the Pigeon Cove Hotel, the oldest house in the quaint town of Pigeon Cove.

As we arrived there a short time before tea, we didn't do much that afternoon, except to get acquainted with some of the boarders, but in the evening we took a walk, passing many beautiful summer residences, to the extreme end of Cape Ann, a rocky point jutting out into the sea as if to force it back. In fact, the whole coast in that region is nothing but rocks, which seem to me much pleasanter than hot, sandy beaches. The waves come in with such force against these jagged rocks, that in many places the spray, mounting into the air, falls back like a beautiful fountain, upon the rocks.

We went to bed in good season that night, so as to wake early for a long day's fun but, regardless of our good intentions of the night before, we did not wake up till the breakfast bell rang, and then what a rush! After all our hurrying we were almost the last ones to enter the dining-room. About eleven o'clock that morning, a party of us girls, five or six in number went in bathing. We had great fun teaching each other how to swim, and in holding each other up while we tried to strike out. But the best fun was to jump off from the rock, and come up gasping and spluttering to try it again.

But as other bathers began to come, we went up to the bath-house and got ready to watch them, while we dried our hair in the sun. It wasn't a great while before we began to feel very hungry, so we sauntered slowly up to the house for our one o'clock dinner. While we were in bathing, we had caught several handsome pieces of sea-weed which had floated in.

So after dinner we went down to the stores to try to find a scoop to catch more seaweed in. But we couldn't find anything that would suit until, on our way home, someone spied a fly-trap in a Boot and Shoe store window, and drew the attention of the others to it. "The very thing!" we exclaimed; so we immediately went in and purchased two of them, and by taking the tops off, we easily made four scoops out of them. We returned to the hotel in high spirits, and nobody could imagine what we wanted fly-traps

for. But after we had fastened them on the ends of fishing poles, they were just what we wanted. We intended to go down and try our luck at once, but the tide was so high it was impossible.

So we planned to take a walk to the Cathedral Pines, a beautiful grove of pine trees, about a mile from the hotel. Its name suits it well, for the trunks of the trees, being bare for about half their height, resemble the columns of a cathedral, and the branches at the top form a splendid roof for the ground below, thickly carpeted with pine-needles. As we had all brought books along, we spent a very pleasant afternoon there, returning in time for tea.

In the evening we had music and dancing in the parlors, and before we went to bed we asked the bell-boy to call us at four the next morning, so that we could catch some sea-mosses before breakfast. We slept soundly, and were awakened in the morning by a loud thumping on our door. We answered it sleepily and after a while got up. The tide was just right, half way out, and we had about two hours before breakfast to enjoy. We caught some lovely pieces of sea-weed, and came up to breakfast with good appetites.

The afternoon was spent in pressing the seaweed on cards. The effect is very beautiful when they are done carefully. The next day we hired a carriage and visited the large granite works in the vicinity. It was a very interesting sight to watch the men at work polishing huge pieces of granite, or cutting flights of steps out of solid pieces of the stone.

Another afternoon a party of about twelve from the hotel, took the steam-cars to Magnolia, and from there hired a beach wagon for a ride through the neighboring country. It was a beautiful drive, through shady woods part of the way, and at other times near the water. We stopped at Manchester and spent an hour or so there. The beach is called the Singing Beach, as the grains of sand are so formed that they make a faint, sighing sound when you walk on it.

As we wanted to visit some other places before we returned to the hotel, we got into the carriage again and drove to Beverly and other

towns, coming back at last to Magnolia, where we took the cars for Pigeon Cove, finding supper waiting for us.

Saturday night we had a hop. The big dining-room was cleared of the tables, and the chairs were pushed up against the walls. Then the hall was trimmed with leaves and flowers, the piano brought in, and the floor waxed. There were two musicians, one played the piano, the other a violin. Invitations were sent all round to the neighboring hotels. At about eight o'clock the dancing began and continued until midnight. Then the company went home and quiet reigned once more over the hotel.

Sunday we spent in reading, and writing letters down on the rocks. The next week we spent in about the same way as the first, with the additional excitement of a shipwreck off the point. The storm began one afternoon and raged fearfully all night, but in the morning it had cleared off. Hearing of the wreck we started off to see it. When we arrived a boat load of fishermen had started to the rescue. With opera glasses we could distinguish eight men on board. The vessel was anchored but badly disabled. We watched the rescuing party anxiously, and at last had the pleasure of seeing them land safely every one of the ship's crew. The surf was very high and it was a magnificent sight as it broke against the rocks. Some people who had been there all summer said that they had never seen it higher.

That week closed with another hop as pleasant as the first. A few days later I returned home, leaving my friends to enjoy another month of sea-side pleasures.

"ALPHA."

## ON THE CAMPUS.

### FOOTBALL.

The records of this year's eleven show almost unprecedented figures. The work has been of the most scientific kind, and team-play, which heretofore has scarcely been considered, has been the chief reason of the success. The tackling has generally been low, which cannot be said of most teams of the Association. Twelve

games have been played this season of which eight have been won, two tied, and two lost. The following are the games played :

Oct. 10,	Noble's Graduates,	at Cambridge,	30- 6
" 17,	Harvard Freshmen,	" "	4-24
" 19,	Noble's	" "	36- 0
" 23,	Harvard Freshmen,	" "	6- 6
" 26,	Hopkinson's	" "	36- 0
Nov. 2,	Combination,	" "	18- 0
" 7,	Newton,	" Newton,	6- 0
" 13,	Harvard Freshmen,	" Cambridge,	4-10
" 16,	Roxbury Latin,	" "	22- 0
" 23,	Boston Latin,	" Brookline,	6- 0
" 28,	Fall River High,	" Fall River,	12-12
" 30,	English High,	" Cambridge,	18- 0

The team scored 200 points to their opponents 58, and, excluding the freshmen games, 184 to their opponents 18. Thirty-five touch-downs were obtained, of which Corbett got 15, Whittemore 4, Burns 4, Clark 3, Whitman 3, Wrenn 2, and Fox, Rogers, and Thayer one each. Corbett tried for 33 goals, and succeeded in kicking 27, a truly remarkable record considering that many of these were very difficult ones. Stevens has kicked one and missed one. In the championship games Corbett made 12 touch-downs, Whittemore 2, Burns 2, Clark 2, Whitman 2, and Fox, Rogers, Thayer, and Wrenn one each, making a total of 24, from which Corbett kicked 20 goals.

The following is a complete personnel of the team :

Name and class.	Position.	Weight.	Age.
G. W. Whittemore, '91	left end	140	17
E. H. Moore, C. H. S.	left tackle	132	16
E. H. Rogers, '89	left guard	161	18
E. E. Clark, '90	centre	142	18
A. E. Thayer, C. H. S.	right guard	150	18
P. W. Wrenn, '90	right tackle	147	17
W. B. Fox, '92	right end	134	17
R. L. Stevens, '89	quarterback	120	18
J. Corbett, '90	left halfback	156	19
R. L. Whitman, '91	right halfback	130	16
J. Burns, C. H. S.	full back	132	19
Average weight, 140.3		Average age 17.5	

### Substitutes.

I. Haines, '92	rusher	142	17
O. B. Henshaw, '89	rusher	140	17
R. J. Mulford, '89	rusher	135	17

Whittemore, Burns, Clark, Corbett, and Rogers have been the longest on the school



team, playing on the '86 and '87 teams. Of the others, Fox and Wrenn played on last year's eleven, and Whitman was a substitute on the same team, while Haines, Henshaw, Moore, Mulford, Stevens and Thayer have not played before this year. To no player is due more honor than to Whittemore, '91, the able captain and end-rush of the winning team. His playing has always been full of life and snap, and no small amount of the success must justly be attributed to his untiring energy and hard work. Of the backs, Corbett's half-back play has been of the most brilliant style, and Stevens' playing has done much to steady the team. The rush-line has shown a great deal of concerted action, and the comparatively new feature of blocking off has been used to good advantage. Taking everything into account the playing of the whole team has been entirely deserving of the glorious success that it has achieved.

A meeting was held to elect a captain of the eleven for 1889, and resulted in the election of Wrenn, '90. As the Constitution of the Interscholastic Association allows that the president shall be chosen from the winning school, a ballot was taken, and Whittemore, '91, was chosen for that office. At this meeting Harding was elected captain of the nine for the coming season.

#### POLO ON THE ICE.

Thursday, Dec. 20, a meeting was called of all those interested in polo. A large number was present from all the classes except the fifth. It was decided that class games should be played, and that each club should have five players. Stubbs, Harding, Stark, and Whittemore were appointed a committee to arrange the games which will be played in the following order: '92 vs. '93, '89 vs. '92, '90 vs. '91, '91 vs. '92, '90 vs. '92, '91 vs. '93, '89 vs. '90, '89 vs. '91, '90 vs. '93, and '89 vs. '92. They will be played as soon as there is good ice, and some exciting contests may be expected.

#### EXCHANGES.

QUITE a number of exchanges we have received this month, have appeared in new and resplen-

dent holiday covers. Among these is the Academy Scholium which has greatly improved, not only in regard to appearance, but also in regard to its reading matter. Besides this paper, we have received *The High School Breccia*, *The Volunteer*, *The Grotonian*, *The Pine Grove Echoes*, *The Penn Charter Magazine*, *The Jabberwock*, *The Monitor*, *The Cue*, *The School Record*, *The High School Review* from Newton, and the *Review* from Washington, *The E. H. S. Record*, *The Stray Shot*, *The Springfield High School Sun*, *The Troy High School Record*, *The Chauncey Hall Abstract*, *The High School Graphic*, and *The Phi-Phonian*.

*The Penn Charter Magazine* still maintains its previous high standard, and continues to be one of the best exchanges we receive; the December number contains the third of a series of articles upon "The Stars" which must be of great interest to amateur astronomers.

*The Stray Shot* has an excellent article upon the poetry of Thomas Hood. From this month's issue of *The Cue* we learn that a serious fire in the Albany Academy did considerable damage and gave the pupils a week's vacation. We have no doubt that the scholars felt that the loss occasioned by the fire was fully compensated for by the enjoyment of a week's vacation.

*The E. H. S. Record* seems to have changed its tone considerably, since their school foot ball team was admitted into the Interscholastic League. We must say it is rather hard on the poor Record, after having told so much about its team's playing and characterising the Interscholastic League without the English High School as "a roaring farce," to be obliged to come down and make feeble excuses for its team's poor work.

R. L. R.

---

C. L. S. D. S.

By the efforts of a few members of the school, the Debating Society has been raised from the stupor in which it has been lying since last spring, and started off on a new career with more vigor than ever. It bids fair to be more



advantageous and interesting than ever before. It has been decided to admit members of the English High and Manual Training Schools, and we hope that many scholars from these buildings, as well as from our own, will take advantage of this opportunity to increase their own knowledge and at the same time make a success of the club.

On Dec. 14, about thirty members of the school met at the school building with the purpose of organizing the club anew. Mr. Allison was chosen temporary chairman, and Mr. Stark, secretary. The first business was the election of officers, which resulted as follows:

President, A. Campbell, '89.

Secretary, A. S. Apsey, '89.

Treasurer, P. W. Wrenn, '90.

Rhetorical Committee { D. W. Rice, '91.  
R. Mc Daniel, '90.

After appointing a committee to draw up a new constitution the society adjourned for one week.

On Dec. 21, the second meeting of the society was held and quite well attended. After the roll-call and reading of records, the Constitution Committee's report was read and accepted with a few changes. According to the new constitution, it was necessary to choose a vice-president and Mr. Dallinger, '89 was unanimously elected to that office. After more unimportant business, the debate was taken up, the subject being: Resolved; That Chicago is of more importance to the United States than New York. The debate was opened by Mr. White, who supported the affirmative. He showed that in proportion to its age, Chicago is a much greater city than New York. Mr. Parker then gave a very good description of New York though without arguing the point in question to any great extent. Mr. Allison then spoke for the affirmative, followed by Mr. Raymond of the negative. After a few remarks had been made from the floor, Messrs. Raymond and Allison closed the debate for their respective sides. The jury unanimously decided in favor of the affirmative.

On January 4, the society assembled again with increased numbers. Messrs. Sharples and

Soule were elected members. After a reading by Mr. Stark, the debate was taken up, the subject being: Resolved; That further restrictions should be placed on immigration. Mr. Lehan of the affirmative opened the debate, followed by Mr. Bigelow of the negative. Mr. Stone then spoke for the affirmative and Mr. Rogers supported the other side. After Mr. Dallinger had spoken from the floor, the debate was closed by Messrs. Stone and Rogers for the affirmative and negative respectively. The jury awarded the debate to the affirmative.

W. E. S.

## JANUARY AND JULY.

### JANUARY.

I will never try to study for I know it is no use,  
No matter what I try to do, I am sure to get abuse,  
And so I try to be content with what knowledge I have got  
And I ride right through my Latin with my "pony" at a trot.

Oh my Greek I will not study for I scorn to be a  
"grind,"  
But in foot ball and in polo I will educate my mind.  
I will pass the examinations with no fear of a rebuff;  
For the answers will be written on the inside of my cuff.

And I will pass those dreaded tests with an ease, which  
will surprise  
Those teachers who now mark me down, and will  
make them ope their eyes.  
So I will have a good time now, and when June comes,  
I will shoot  
Up to the examinations, with a paper in my 'boot.

And those who now are studying, I will pass as sure as  
fate,  
For if an Honor I shall get, what sensation 'twill  
create;  
And I think that I can do it, but, as any thing avails,  
I will copy dates and figures down, upon my finger  
nails.

### JULY.

I am sorry that I did it, but alas it is no use.  
I was sure I had it plotted well, but there was something loose,  
If the proctor had not seen my cuffs, I could not have got through,  
For some rascal stole the paper I had hidden in my shoe.

But I feel I was created for something good and great  
 Perhaps it is a Senator or a Minister of State.  
 Yet it seems that I must wait until the people know  
 me more,  
 So at present I sell ribbons in a retail dry goods store.  
 P. RAWLINS.

### SCHOOL NOTES.

- The C. L. S. D. S. seems to be flourishing.
- Why not form an Athletic Club this winter?
- We were all glad to learn of Miss Warren's return.
- Members of '92 and '93 please read the notices on the last page.
- We have some good polo teams but there has been a scarcity of ice.
- The School Committee visited the High and Latin Schools on December 19th.
- We are pleased to see the high school take so much interest in the *Review*.
- There are about one hundred more days before the examinations at Harvard.
- Most of the 'scholars of '89 reviewed Herodotus during the Christmas vacation.
- H. A. Davis, '87-'91 has resigned his position as secretary of the Harvard Crimson.
- The C. L. S. D. S. presented our worthy janitor, Mr. Potter, with a turkey on Christmas.
- The black-boards have at last been fixed so that it is possible to tell a period from a white spot on the board.
- The faculty of Vassar College has offered a scholarship of one hundred dollars to the young ladies of '89, to be given to the scholar getting the highest mark in a competitive examination.
- On Friday, Jan. 11th, a sneak-thief entered the Latin School between nine and eleven A. M. and stole a couple of ulsters belonging to Stevens and Stone of '87 and a hat belonging to Benshimol, '91.
- We are sorry to be obliged to note that a large number of scholars have left '89, such a short time before graduation. Miss McLeod, Richard D. Weymouth, Alden C. Towne and E. T. Foster all left school near the holidays.
- Last month's *Review* was the largest ever published. It contained fifteen pages. The July number of 1887 and the November number of 1888 were the next largest, each containing fourteen pages.
- The bulletin board that has been put up in the lower hall is the property of the C. L. S. D. S. and the

*Review*. Scholars wishing to use it can obtain the key from the secretary of the C. L. S. D. S. or the editor-in-chief.

—J. F. Morton, formerly '88, Harvard, '92 is gaining distinction in the Harvard Union. He was recently appointed one of the speakers on the Woman's Suffrage question and made an exceedingly good speech, winning the debate in favor of the extension of the franchise.

—On Saturday, Jan. 12th, several scholars of the two upper classes organized a walking club and took their first walk to the Blue Hills. They passed over the following route covering a distance of about thirty miles. Starting from Brookline and Main Sts. they went through Longwood to the Tremont street crossing of the B. & P. R. R. in Boston, thence to Jamaica Plains, across Franklin Park to Blue Hill Avenue and then up the avenue, through Mattapan, to Blue Hill. Returning they came through Readville and Hyde Park to Forest Hills, thence to Jamaica Plains, passing around the west side of Jamaica Pond, to Brookshire, where they separated, some going through Brookline to Central Square, and others through Allston to Harvard Square. Last Saturday the club took a twenty mile tramp through the Newtons.

### C. H. S. NOTES.

- The half-year examinations are almost upon us.
- Ten scholars, mainly from '90, are fitting for Tech.
- A male quartet has been formed in the First Class.
- The new cover for the *Review* was a disappointment to many.
- A polo team is to be formed as soon as there is a prospect of any skating.
- The plans for the new High School Building are nearly finished and work will be begun early in the spring.
- Folsom, '88 has returned to school. He is taking studies preparatory to entering the Lawrence Scientific School.
- A new system of ventilation is being considered by a committee, with regards to its adoption in the new building.
- Miss Hassaltine, formerly a teacher in the Washington Grammar School, visited our school a few days after school began. It was quite a surprise for some of her old scholars.
- The history note-books of the First Class are said to be equal to any of their kind in the State. A great deal of solid outside work has been done by the pupils in the study so far, and their books show it.



—The *Review* nearly caused a catastrophe by appearing on Exhibition Day. Some of the copies found resting places on the teachers' desks, as the scholars could not refrain from reading them in school time.

—Ten girls from '89 are preparing for the entrance examinations to the Boston Normal School. The examination covers the following studies: Latin, French or German, English Literature, Rhetoric, History, Zoölogy, Chemistry, Physiology, Botany, Physics, Astronomy, Geometry, Algebra, Drawing and Music.

—Exhibition Day passed off quietly with the usual number of visitors and school committee in attendance. In the First Class some special exercises were given, and the solar camera was used to illustrate them and also the poem of "The Ancient Mariner." As the sun was sort of cranky, a goodly part of the time was spent in darkness, and many of the slides were omitted.

—The Evening High School opened Thursday evening, Jan. 3d. Fifty-two pupils presented themselves for admittance, and it is expected that the number will be materially increased at the next sessions. Mr. Cogswell was present and addressed the school. Sessions will be held regularly hereafter on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evenings. The teachers are as follows; C. F. Warner, Principal; M. F. Hill, Miss McIntire and Miss Sawyer.

#### NOTICES.

Back numbers of the *Review* (excepting Nos. 2 and 3 of Vol. I) can be obtained of the Business Manager at half the usual price. No numbers of Vol. III will be sold as back numbers. Graduates and all who are interested in the school are invited to subscribe. Albert Mann, *Business Manager*.

C. L. S. D. S.—The next meeting will be held on Friday, Feb. 1st, 1889 at 7.30 P.M. in the Latin School building on Lee St. All are invited. Albert S. Apsey, *Secretary*.

All copy must be in on or before Feb. 11th, 1889 in order to be published in the Feb. *Review*. Special instructions will be given to Associate and Assistant Editors. Arthur P. Stone, *Editor-in-chief*.

'92 and '93. The class of '92 is entitled to two editors and the class of '93 to one editor on Review staff. The members of these classes are requested to hold class meetings and elect their representatives as soon as possible. By order of the Directors, M. N. Abbot, *Secretary*.

#### WITTY WORDS.

The French proverb—"Avoir du foin dans ses bottes" (To have hay in one's boots,) does not come up to the American saying, "To have hayseed in one's hair," in point of meaning.

PUPIL in geometry: " $Y = R$ ."

Teacher: "Y R those equal?" and he is surprised at the laughter which ensues.—*E. H. S. Record*.

—The *Boston Globe* in an article on college cheers remarks about the "short quick note of Harvard and the long-drawn deeper cry of Yale."

Teacher: "If electricity with a velocity of 650,000 miles per second requires ten seconds to—"

Scholar (interrupting): "Give it up. I'm no lightning calculator."—*Phi-Phonian*.

THE editor's drawer culls an interesting bit of biographical information from the examination paper of a small boy who wrote, "Abraham Lincoln was born in Kentucky in 1492 at the age of seven years."—*Harper's Magazine*.

"LONGEVITY! I should say longevity did run in the family," said Mrs. Spriggins. "Why, John was six foot two, Bill was six foot four, and George, he had more longevity than any man I ever see. He was six foot seven, if he was a foot."—*Harper's Bazar*.

A man getting out of an omnibus a few days ago made use of the two rows of knees as banisters to steady himself, at which the ladies took offence, and one of them, cried aloud, "A perfect savage!" "True," said a wag inside, "he belongs to the Paw-knee tribe."

ENTHUSIASTIC PROFESSOR OF PHYSICS (discussing the organic and inorganic kingdoms). "If I should close my eyes, so, and drop my head, so, and not move, you would call me a clod, but I do move, I run, I leap; what do you call me now?"

Voice from the rear of the room: "A clod-hopper." *E. H. S. Record*.

IRRITATED FRENCHMAN (to American, who has mistaken him for a waiter): "Sir-r, you haf gr-r-rossly insulted me. There is my card. My seconds vill wait upon you sir-r."—American: "Never mind your seconds, Frenchy. You can wait on me just as well. Pass me the Worcestershire sauce, and be quick about it!"—*Young Ladies' Journal*.

"Franklin," said the professor, who was about to introduce Prof. Morse, the telegraphist, to the alumni of a Western college, "Franklin drew the lightning from heaven, and controlled its power to harm; but it was left to Prof. Morse, gentlemen, to" puzzled to know exactly what he should say. "It was left to Prof. Morse, gentlemen, to—reduce it to a horizontal position."



— ENOUGH FOR ONE DAY. — "O mother," cried a North-side youngster who had been visiting an elder brother in school, "I learned lots to-day." "What was one thing you learned?" asked the fond parent. "I learned in the 'rithmetic class," was the reply, "that the square of the base and perpendicular of a right-handed triangle is equal to the sum of the hipopotamus." — *Chicago Tribune*.

— A Missourian, who stole a kiss from a pretty girl, was fined by a magistrate, horsewhipped by her brother, and worried into brain fever by his wife. The clergyman also alluded to it in his sermon; the local editor took sides with the clergyman, and reviewed the case in print, and the potato bug ate up every blade of the malefactor's wheat crop. — *High School Times*.

#### VICKSBURG'S BILL OF FARE.

After the surrender some soldiers picked up in the Confederate camp a burlesque bill of fare, of which the following is part:

#### BILL OF FARE FOR JULY, 1863.

- Soup.*
- Mule Tail.
- Boiled.*
- Mule bacon, with poke greens.
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- Roast.*
- Mule sirloin.
- Mule rump, stuffed with rice.
- Entrees.*
- Mule ears fricasseed a la Dutch.
- Mule spare rib, plain.
- Mule liver, hashed.
- Fellies.*
- Mule foot, etc.

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THE LATIN SCHOOL  
REVIEW

FEBRUARY, 1889

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# THE LATIN SCHOOL REVIEW.

VOL. III.

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No. V

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N. C. METCALF, '92. ROBERT L. RAYMOND, '91.

R. L. WHITMAN, '91.

## THE MONTH.

WE are glad to see that an Athletic Association has been formed in the school. As early as 1887 it was felt that such an association was needed, and last year the *Review* urged upon the school the necessity of some such organization. At last the association has been organized and seems on the road to prosperity. We are heavily handicapped it is true, but with a little effort, and a little of the athletic spirit that is so plentiful in Cambridge, we can in a few years successfully compete with some of our more advanced rivals.

But it is not danger from this quarter that the association has to fear. The real peril lies in the indifference which may be found in the school. Every boy in the school should join the association and help and encourage it in every way possible. It will need your money and your help at first, and every one that joins will be promoting the athletic interests of the school as much as those who compete in any of the events, or on any of the teams. Recognizing and appreciating the generous support which the school has always given any thing connected with it, we have only to say, "A word to the wise is sufficient."

While we are considering the future triumphs of our teams on athletic fields, we should not forget that there is a contest still more important which we must fight next June. The opposing team are wily strategists and nothing but good honest work will overcome them. They are continually on the lookout for evidences of our weakness and at the next inter-scholastic contest they can be relied upon to put up a re-



markably "stiff game." Our teachers as usual will represent the school, and we are the natural difficulties of the situation. If we will meet them half way we are sure of inflicting the annual defeat on the professors at Harvard. And the best of it is that they won't feel bad, because they are used to it. But seriously, the first and second classes will have to go up to the examinations in June and fight for the glory of the school. At present we have a record second to no fitting school in the United States, and it depends on us whether that record will be the same on the first day of July, 1889. If we put good, honest work in now, we will be all right then, but if we do not, there is not the slightest chance of getting through.

"A man and his dog were walking on the railroad track near Springvale, Me., last week, and when a train approached the man stepped from the track, but the dog did not. The engine struck the dog and knocked him against the man with such force as to render him insensible for a time."

We quote the above from the *Boston Journal* as a striking example of the ambiguity of the English language. In Latin the proper use of the pronouns would leave no doubt in the mind of the reader, but in English the fate of both dog and man is, to say the least, uncertain.

We have to record the death of one of the oldest graduates of the Cambridge High School—Charles Carroll, Class of '49,—which occurred in New York City on Feb. 15, 1889. Professor Carroll was a brilliant scholar, and delivered the first valedictorian oration, after the organization of the High School. He entered College and graduated first in the Class of '53, President Eliot being second in the same class. After graduating, he devoted his life to the study and teaching of Modern Languages, in which he was remarkably proficient. His parents formerly resided in this city, but he was at the time of his death a Professor of Languages in the University of the City of New York. His age was 56.

## THE CATACOMBS OF ROME.

THE catacombs of Rome, like those of Egypt and Paris, were excavations made originally to obtain stone for building purposes. Built upon seven hills, as Rome was, it was quite easy to quarry into the sides of them, and here the work probably began.

The stone obtained was soft when first quarried, but grew into the hardness of marble on exposure to the air. As the city grew, the demand for stone grew also; and so it was not long before all the hills and a part of the surrounding country were pretty thoroughly undermined. The Coliseum, the theatres, the one hundred and twenty temples were all built of this stone, and so it is not surprising to learn that the excavations extended for fifteen miles in some directions.

At this time it was the custom of the better class of Romans to burn their dead. But there was a vast population too poor to afford the expenses of a funeral pile, and so were buried. At length, the Senate gave the Esquiline Hill as a free burying place for these people. As the bodies were thrown into the passages promiscuously, it soon became a great nuisance. Emperor Augustus gave the hill to a rich friend with the understanding that he should improve its condition, which he did.

Later on the catacombs served as a refuge for the persecuted. At the time when Christians were persecuted in Rome, the catacombs were their only place of refuge. Being the most frequent visitors there, they became very familiar with the dark, winding and intersecting passages, into which their enemies did not care to follow them. As persecutions seldom raged in all quarters of the city at once, there were always enough Christians above ground to supply their friends below with food, and, as water was plenty there, people could live there any length of time. In fact, one man is said to have lived there eight years. Nero was, at one time, urged to seek shelter there, but he replied that he preferred to remain above ground as long as possible.

As I have before stated, the Roman pagans believed in cremation; the Christians did not.

They believed in giving the body a decent burial in a secluded place. Since no places were as secluded or safe as these catacombs, they next became the burial place of Christians.

The Romans, in the midst of the most cruel persecutions, were generally willing that the friends should dispose of the body as they pleased, so that most of the Christians of Rome, as well as some of those from other places, were buried in the catacombs. The number of Christians buried here must have been very large, for, if we believe some reports, the Christian population of Rome for over three hundred years, was buried here. Some authorities place the number at seven millions.

Nowhere in any of their inscriptions did these early Christians use the word "death," but "life" was expressed everywhere. They never spoke of their friends as "dead" but as "asleep."

While the Roman farmers were plowing the Campagna, the miners were still carrying on their excavations beneath them, so that there was almost as much activity below ground as above. The Campagna then presented the appearance of a vast and highly cultivated grain field. But 1800 years have passed, and the Campagna is now but a wild, uncultivated and marshy plain. The catacombs breathe forth, every spring, a malaria so fatal to planters that if a peasant sows a crop, he rarely lives to reap it. Great holes, caused by the falling in of the roof of the catacombs, render the Campagna very dangerous for travellers.

The most convenient entrance to the catacombs is from the church of the Convent of St. Sebastian, on the Appian Way. On descending thither, the visitor meets a guide, who supplies him with a torch. The guide slowly leads the way, giving all needful information. As he proceeds, he tells the visitor that he can tell the grave of a Christian from that of a heathen by the cross marked on the wall beside it. The visitor examines the crosses, finds that he can make a very good imitation, and, on the sly, proceeds to convert three or four heathens into Christians, congratulating himself upon the results.

The visitor is also informed that the bones of

a martyr may be distinguished by a red mark beside the grave, supposed to be the martyr's blood; also by a bottle beside the grave containing a red substance, also supposed to be blood. The bones of a saint, the guide says, may be told by the delicious fragrance which they emit. On being carried into the upper world, they bring about marvellous changes; the sick are healed, the dead raised, and the heretics converted by the touch or sight of them.

After exploring and meditating a little more, the visitor pays the guide and returns to the upper world.

Here, then, below the soil of Rome, are apartments in which occurred many interesting events relating to history. Many are explored, and many more still unexplored. And besides the valuable records already found there, who can say how many equally interesting and instructive records lie unknown and unread there?

*G. L. B.*

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#### A PSALM OF SCHOOL-LIFE.

Tell me not, in accents cheerful,  
Physics is a pastime sweet!  
For it is a study fearful,  
And its like I ne'er did meet.

It is dreadful! Real vexation!  
Praps this year is not its goal;  
And I dread the examination  
From the bottom of my soul.

Not enjoyment, but real sorrow,  
Is our destined end and way;  
And we study that each morrow  
Find us worse off than to-day.

Latin's hard, and Greek is harder,  
Algebra's not over nice,  
But than Physics, I would rather  
Learn these other lessons twice.

Former scholars' marks remind us  
That we may be dropped ere long,  
And this time next year may find us  
Still in Physics' toils so strong.

But we must be up and doing,  
Hearts prepared to meet our fate;  
And this study still pursuing,  
For the dreadful sentence wait.

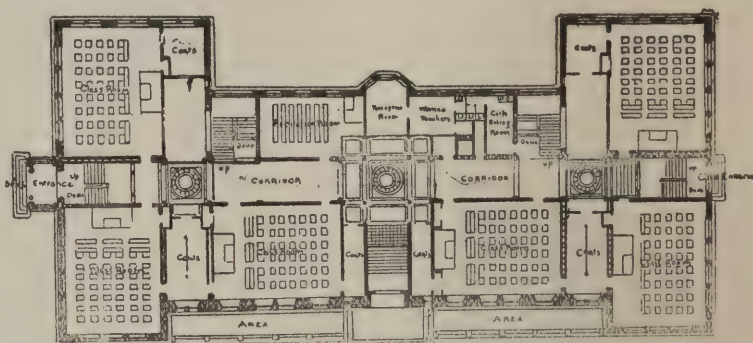


## THE NEW ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING.

EVER since the separation of the Latin and High Schools, it has been evident that sooner or later a new building must be erected to meet the demands of the city. The English High School itself is not crowded in its present quarters, but the Latin School completely fills the old church building on Lee street, and a large part of the school is accommodated in the City Building at Brattle Square. It has finally been satisfactorily settled, and the High School will soon occupy the building which is to be erected, while the Latin School will occupy their old quarters on Broadway. The new building will be situated east of the new Public Library on Broadway, and will, together with the Manual Training School and Library, adorn the land formerly owned by Mr. Rindge. The contract will soon be given out and work will be commenced early in the spring. The building according to the accepted plans will have a frontage of one hundred and ninety-four feet. The lower part will be of stone and the upper of brick. There will be eleven class rooms in the building, with accommodations for about five hundred pupils. Besides these, there will be three recitation rooms, chemical and physical laboratories, drawing room, and a hall capable of seating six hundred persons. The accompanying plan gives a general idea of each of the floors, but perhaps a more definite description will be appreciated. The basement will contain recreation rooms and a gymnasium, as well as the toilet accommodations. The



THE PROPOSED NEW HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING.



PLAN OF THE FIRST FLOOR OF THE NEW BUILDING.

first floor is sufficiently explained by the plan. On the second floor will be the offices, the class rooms, a large room for the senior class, and the physical laboratory. The third story will contain the hall, lecture room, chemical laboratory, drawing room, and one class room. The building will be heated either by steam or the new Smead hot air system. There will be sufficient yard room on either side of the building, and the scholars will at last have a breathing space. As will be seen the building will be quite plain in appearance but not at all cheap or inartistic. Of the present High School building which we will occupy, there is nothing to say, as it is familiar to us all. But it will do well if it can produce any brighter classes than those which have been graduated in the "old church."



## THE STORY OF TYRRELL'S MILL.

ONE of the pleasantest spots in northern Michigan is Tyrrell's Mill. Leaving Oswego one rides for about five miles along a level road following the Wyalusing River, when suddenly it enters a gorge in a hillside and, from being almost as broad and quiet as a lake, becomes a narrow torrent. The road, too, as is the way with most country roads, invariably preferring a hill to a valley, turns up through the woody hillside, and riding along it one can just see, through the dense woods, the boiling torrent almost directly below him. Here again the road turns down the hill and emerging from the forest you come upon a bridge almost before you know it. Underneath flows the turbulent river just let loose from the retaining gorge and seeking to spread itself out as broad as it was before it entered.

But on the bridge, except for the roaring waters beneath, the scene is one of the most quiet and peaceful I ever saw. The forest ends abruptly above the bridge and below it is a grassy orchard. Large elm and butternut trees overhang the road and almost hide a little log cabin opposite the bridge. But following the road for about a quarter of a mile, until it turns again and runs along on the other side of the river, you pass an old mill. None of the machinery is in it and it has a singularly forsaken and neglected look.

Just beyond, the river makes another turn and at the bend, almost forms a lake so still and placid are the waters. At the lower end, the river narrows, but it is so deep that the narrowing has no effect on the surface and it is as quiet as the lake above. Here a bridge with low railings, as if made for one to lean on and enjoy the beautiful scenery, is placed. While just below the bridge, a straight rock rises about six feet above the water, around which the waters rush and whirl. The surface of the rock is perfectly smooth and slopes a little as if made to launch a boat on were the water high enough.

Some fifty years ago when the country was beginning to be settled John Tyrrell came seeking a home and a place to earn his living. As he passed this spot in the stage it came to his

mind that he could build a mill there without the extra expense of a large dam. So he decided to put up a lumber mill and bought the place. His family consisted of a little boy of perhaps eight years and a large Newfoundland dog. He was a lonely man whose life was wrapped up in this child and who seemed to live for him alone. The boy too was happy and had a very pleasant life with the birds and butterflies but the dog was his constant playfellow and they were always together.

As soon as Tyrrell had built a cabin for himself and the boy, work was begun on the mill. The building progressed slowly, but in its entire course no one was more interested than the child, who seemed to understand every thing and spent most of his time playing in the mill. At last it was finished; it was one of those lovely summer days when the earth and heavens seem to unite in looking beautiful, but way off in the west rose a little cloud, which grew larger and larger as if envious of the beautiful weather.

On the next day the mill was to start, but, after all the workmen had left, the iron bar was found wanting which held the door of the sluice, this was not necessary if the river was quiet, but, in case of a storm the water would force itself through the sluice and set the mill going. The bar could not be obtained nearer than the blacksmith shop at Oswego, and Tyrrell never noticing the rising cloud, and leaving the boy and dog together as he had so often done before, started, expecting to be back in an hour or two.

But he was delayed at the blacksmith's and at six when he started to return, the cloud had spread over the whole heavens and it was already dark; he had hardly gone a mile when the storm burst. It was such a storm as the country never suffered before or since, and, for years the damages of the "flood" were talked of. Tyrrell pushed on knowing that if the river rose too high, the mill would be lost, as he had the bar of the sluice. He feared most for his little son, but knowing he had been left in the care of the faithful dog, was a little comforted.

As he rode along he could just see the river spreading itself over the flats and could hear the seething torrent entering the gorge. At the

cross roads he almost lost his way, for the river had risen over the road and the sign-board was washed away. When Tyrrell saw that, his heart sank, for he knew that even a post like this sign-board hurled with the force of the raging torrent would burst the door of the sluice and destroy the mill. Whipping his weary horse he hurried on, and was emerging from the forest when the dog leaped on him whining for him to follow. He struck his horse into a faster gallop and just after he crossed the bridge, it trembled and fell. The dog was running in front and seemed to act as guide. Reaching the mill he leaped from his horse, and hurried to the sluice. Just as he reached it he saw his little boy holding down the door; the little fellow had watched the workman till he knew almost the whole mechanism of the mill and having heard his father talk of the necessity of a bar in case of storm, had himself climbed in to hold it till his father came. But before the father was the fatal post and just as he was reaching for his boy, it struck the door, his hands were knocked up and the child with a cry of "Father" disappeared; the dog sprang after it and vanished.

When day broke, the father looking twenty years older and with white hair instead of black was standing motionless by the sluice. Soon after the dog appeared and taking hold of his coat pulled it as if wishing him to follow. The man mechanically obeyed and with difficulty they crossed the broken sluice and proceeded to the bridge, the only one left over the river, the man, leaning on the rail as if for support, looked over and suddenly plunged headlong into the torrent. For way in the water caught on a rock he had seen his child's coat. The dog plunged after him and grasping his arm floated down the current to the rock below.

The river had risen till the rock was only a few inches above the water; and the boy was sitting on the rock and playing with his hand in the water. He turned just in time to grasp his father and with the aid of the dog to pull him upon the shelving rock. The dog was carried down the river till a bend hid him from the boy's gaze, who was left there with his insensible father. That afternoon the dog re-

turned with some men in a boat. Tyrrell and his son were taken to one of the neighboring houses where they were cared for. The boy and dog soon recovered from their wetting, but Tyrrell was ill for sometime and often was delirious, when at times he would start and say his son was drowning and he must save him. But in time he recovered and soon after left the country with his boy and dog. About a year later the machinery of the mill was taken away, and it was rumored that he had settled in the southern part of the state and had become very wealthy. But he never returned to Tyrrell's Mill and no one ever attempted to renew it, till now it has become a sort of a proverb to speak of an unfortunate undertaking as being as unsuccessful as Tyrrell's Mill.

*R. J. M.*

#### CASSIUS.

THE play of "Julius Caesar" opens with a scene in which two Roman tribunes are rebuking the populace for their fickleness in having a holiday in honor of Caesar's return after the defeat and death of Pompey. The next scene introduces nearly all the principal actors accompanying Caesar to the public games. They pass off the stage, with the exception of Brutus and Cassius, and now Cassius, who, although he is not the hero of the play, is nevertheless almost as important as the hero himself, first comes into notice. He at once shows his observing nature by questioning Brutus closely in regard to his seeming coldness. Finding that his friend has been pondering over some painful subject, he immediately guesses it and with great skill turns it to his own purposes. With keen insight into human nature he begins his several arguments with compliments to Brutus and protestations of his own sincerity. So far all is well, but in the next speech Shakspeare brings out a petty jealousy which immediately throws true light upon Cassius's motives. "I was born free as Caesar, so were you; we both have fed as well, and we can both endure the winter's cold as well as he." What words could be more expressive of a mind in which jealousy was the



chief characteristic? After speaking about a time in his youth, when he rescued Caesar from drowning, he says: "And this man is now become a god; and Cassius is a wretched creature, and must bend his body if Caesar carelessly but nod on him." Ever the same mean jealousy!

Craftiness is the second trait shown. Cassius reminds Brutus that it is not the fault of their stars that they are underlings, but the result of their own weakness. Then with cunning suited to the purpose he tries to start his friend's jealousy against Caesar by showing him that he is in every way the equal of Caesar.

These two traits alone are being brought forward in a striking way, though not so prominently as before, until scene third, when in sounding Caesar with the view of adding him to his already well selected ring of conspirators, his jealousy is again brought out by the great poet with startling prominence. "A man no mightier than thyself, or me, in personal action; yet prodigious grown, and fearful as these strange eruptions are." In this sentence Cassius adroitly mingles craft with jealousy by comparing Caesar with Casca, as well as with himself. Some lines above I mentioned Cassius's insight into human nature in mixing compliment with persuasion. Once more this is shown by his going to see Brutus again, knowing the value of a second and bolder encounter with a man already half persuaded.

While urging that Antony should not escape Caesar's doom, Cassius shows a great knowledge of the character of man, and also a sort of cowardly cautiousness which well befits his other trait of jealousy.

In act fourth, scene third, Cassius shows a disposition to wink at the offences of corrupt men like Lucius Pella, who were continually receiving bribes, and were parties to all manner of extortion, if they chanced to be his friends or men of ability. A little further on in an altercation with Brutus, being enraged by his friend's remarks about his being avaricious, and the insinuation that if he were not Cassius, Brutus would chastise him, he at first manifests a disposition to boast, which clearly shows that he fancied himself superior to his friends. It may

also be said that Shakspeare meant that this boastfulness, breaking out as it does, in the midst of a violent quarrel should be one of his leading traits, a trait, however, seldom shown because of his craft and skill in restraining his feelings.

After a little Cassius seems to recover himself and to be making an effort to reconcile Brutus by pretending to be heart-broken at his accusations. It is possible, however, that the author intended the last speeches of Cassius in the quarrel to be sincere, but it seems more probable that it is meant to show his cunning and self-restraint.

In the same act Shakspeare brings out signs of good generalship in Cassius, by making him urge that the army remain in the mountains, and thus force Antony and Octavius to wear out their forces by marching the whole way to meet their opponents. Being forced to march against an army which quietly takes up a position in the mountains, and waits its opportunity to strike a crushing blow is always demoralizing to troops, and what is worse, in armies like that of Antony and Octavius, who the commander is also the paymaster, empties the general's purse.

The speech of Cassius about the eagles perch upon the standards, and the next day flying away, shows that Shakspeare meant that he should not be free from the superstition common to the Romans,—a fact which he had not, as yet, brought out.

In the last few pages of the play good qualities in Cassius are shown. Cassius is represented to have great regard for his friend Titinius, and kills himself when he supposes him captured. Suicide was considered by the Romans to be the only proper thing for a man to do when overtaken by a great calamity. In looking back over Shakspeare's portrayal of the character of Cassius we see little to admire. A man whose mainspring of character was his jealousy, and whose keen insight into human nature was used as a means of deceiving,—that is Shakspeare's Caius Cassius.

"*Caledonia.*"

[The above essay took the second prize in the January competition. *Ed.*]



## A WALK TO THE BLUE HILLS.

It was the first day of January, 1889, and the last day of the Christmas vacation, that a member of the Cambridge High School and myself set out for a walk to the Blue Hills. This range of hills is situated in the extreme southern part of the town of Milton, on the boundary line between Milton and Canton, and about half a mile from the line which separates Milton from Randolph. The highest peak is 635 feet high, and on the summit is located the United States Signal Service Station for this part of New England.

We started from Central Square at nine o'clock, and walking down Magazine Street we crossed Brookline Bridge, and entered that quiet part of Brookline, known as Longwood. Pursuing our way, we reached the business part of the town of Brookline, and taking Pond Street we arrived at Jamaica Pond. From here we took Perkins Street to Centre Street, through which the Jamaica Plain horse-cars run. This road led us to what used to be the busy little village of Jamaica Plain, but which now is simply a locality within the city of Boston.

From Jamaica Plain, we followed South Street to Forest Hills Station on the Boston and Providence Railroad. Inside the station were posted the voting lists, from which we learned that we were in Ward 23 Precinct 4, of Boston. Crossing the track we followed Hyde Park Avenue which runs practically straight for four miles, there being a plank walk most of the way.

As we got out into the country, everything gave the appearance of a day in May instead of January. The grass was green and the frequent rains had rendered everything as moist as a spring freshet. The air was so mild that one would think that the trees would begin to bud under the influence of the warm sunshine.

Our road led us by a large, brick factory, on the grass in front of which several sheep were feeding. We learned that this was the Hyde Park Woolen Mill. Farther on, on our right, we passed the American Tool Company's

Works, the yards of which were filled with unsightly heaps of coal dust. We passed several other smaller factories, most of which are connected in some way with the woolen business. Just beyond this factory village, we took Central Park Avenue which continues in the same southerly direction as Hyde Park Avenue. This brought us to Readville station on the Boston and Providence and also on the New York and New England Railroads. We arrived at Readville at 11.40 A. M., having walked exactly eleven and a half miles in two hours and forty minutes. From here we crossed a stone bridge of three arches known as Paul's Bridge. This bridge crosses the Neponset River, which at this place, at the time we were there, was about one hundred feet wide. A few steps from the bridge we came to a large rock about six feet high from the top of which a beautiful, clear spring bubbles out, and trickles into a little basin, just the right height for a man to drink from, and from there it falls into a lower basin adapted for horses. My friend stopped to make a sketch of this beautiful spring, after which we continued our journey, and soon reached the foot of the highest peak of the Blue Hills. There is a sign to the effect that anyone taking the road up, does so at his peril. The road or rather path leading up the hill, is the worst that can be imagined, being nothing but a pile of small stones, just the right size to cut one's feet. It took us twenty minutes to reach the summit, from which a magnificent panorama appears to the observer. All the towns within twenty miles can be located with the naked eye, and the view of Boston Harbor is perfect. To the north and east the Atlantic Ocean extends as far as the eye can reach. To the northwest the golden dome of the State House glistens like a jewel amid the closely clustered houses of the metropolis of New England. In the west Mt. Wachusett raises its lofty peak, fifty miles away. To the south the Neponset winds at our feet, and in the distance, surrounded by the lowlands of Plymouth and Bristol counties, the busy factories of Brockton fill the air with their smoke. Cambridge, like the other cities and towns, to the naked eye only presented a

cluster of buildings, broken here and there by church spires, but on looking through a small telescope we saw plainly the different factories and buildings of our native city. Two workmen were busily at work on a small addition to the Observatory, which formerly consisted of a strongly built stone tower, two stories high, looking very much like the pictures of the dungeon "keep" of the Middle Ages. I counted three thicknesses of glass to the windows, and very likely there are some more. We remained on the summit about three-quarters of an hour, and then we started for home at 2. 30 P.M. We took Blue Hill Avenue, which, from the foot of the hill, is an absolutely straight road, with one exception, to Boston. It consists of a series of steep hills and valleys. As we were walking in one of the valleys, we could see the road ahead of us as it mounted the next hill, and it appeared to be almost perpendicular. There is a great deal of heavy teaming over this road and the drivers walk down hill as well as up, because the ruts are so deep that the horses have all they can do without any extra work. We stopped at Mattapan to get something to eat and then continued our homeward journey. On getting into the busy part of the city of Boston, we abandoned our old friend, Blue Hill Avenue, and taking Hampden Street we proceeded by way of Northampton Street to Harrison Avenue. Following this street we arrived at Dover Street at 5.30 P. M., having accomplished the return journey of thirteen miles in three hours. At Dover Street we took a South Boston car, and arrived at Cambridge a little before six o'clock, having greatly enjoyed our tramp to the "Blue Hills."

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### ON THE CAMPUS.

C. L. S. A. A.

At last an athletic association is no longer a thing of the future, and one more society has been added to those belonging to the school. At a meeting held Feb. 6, it was unanimously voted that such an association was desired. Stone, '89, Harding, '90, Whitman, '91, and

Whittemore, '92, were appointed a committee to draw up a constitution.

Two days afterward this committee reported, and the constitution was read and accepted. In accordance with it, the following officers were elected: President, R. L. Stevens, '89, Vice-president, A. Harding, '90; Secretary, B. F. Linfield, '90; Treasurer, R. L. Whitman, '91, and an executive committee consisting of the above officers together with Stone, '89, Wrenn, '90, and Whittemore, '92.

An invitation has been received to join the Interscholastic Athletic Association, which has been recently formed. Urged on by the success of the football cup, several gentlemen at Harvard have offered another cup for general athletics to be contested for in the spring.

The school winning the plurality of events shall be the winner, and in case of a tie, the school winning the most second prizes. The contest includes the following events:

- Running, 100 yards.
- Running, 220 yards.
- Running, one-quarter mile.
- Running, one-half mile.
- Hurdle racing, 120 yards, 10 hurdles, 3 ft. 6 in. high.
- Walking, one mile.
- Running high jump.
- Running broad jump.
- Pole-leaping.
- Putting the shot 16 lbs.
- Throwing the hammer, 12 lbs.
- Bicycle racing, one mile.

This movement is entirely novel to our school, and nothing can be foretold about the material that may be developed. But considering our success in football and baseball, there seems to be no reason why our school should not be as successful in this branch of athletics.

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C. L. S. D. S.

WE take this opportunity to tell our friends, who have prophesied our downfall and tried to discourage us in our attempt to form a society, that the club was never in a more flourishing condition. The debates are close and interest-



ing, nearly all the members taking part in them, and many of the younger boys are becoming very good speakers.

The all engrossing topic at present is the joint debate with the Dorchester High School Debating Society. It is to be held in Odd Fellows Hall on March 8th and is expected to be a very interesting affair. For a very small remuneration you may hear some fine speaking and an excellent entertainment. We wish it understood that we charge admission, not to make money, but merely to defray expenses.

On Jan. 18, the society held its regular meeting in the Latin School building on Lee Street. After the records had been read and Mr. T. B. Bird, '92, had been elected a member, the rhetorical exercises of the evening were taken up.

Mr. Jacobs first read a humorous selection which evoked much laughter and applause. The debate was then taken up, the subject being:—Resolved, That the U. S. ought to acquire dominion over the whole American continent. Mr. Rice opened the debate for the affirmative followed by Mr. Hill of the negative. Afterwards Messrs. Allison and Stark spoke for the affirmative and negative respectively. Messrs. Dallinger, Apsey, and White spoke from the floor in favor of the affirmative. The debate then returned to the principals, Mr. Stark closing for the negative and Mr. Rice for the affirmative. The debate was decided in favor of the affirmative by a vote of 3 to 2. The next regular meeting was held on Feb. 1st, and was very well attended. Messrs. Benshimol and Dudley, '91, were elected members.

It was then voted to make all members of the old C. L. S. D. S. honorary members of the present society. Mr. White next presented an amendment to the constitution providing that nothing concerning religion, race, or color should be brought up in the debates. This was laid aside until the next meeting. The following gentlemen were chosen to speak for Cambridge at the joint debate.

- (1) A. P. Stone, '89.
- (2) F. W. Dallinger, '89.
- (3) A. Campbell, '89.
- (4) W. H. Allison, '89.
- (5) W. D. Rice, '91.

#### SUBSTITUTES.

- (1) R. L. Raymond, '91.
- (2) W. E. Stark, '91.

Owing to the lateness of the hour, it was decided to postpone the debate for one week.

On Feb. 8, a special meeting was held. The following gentlemen were admitted to the society, — Hovey, '93, Bonney, '93, Gilman, '91, Lawrence, '93, and Doyle, C. H. S.

After a reading by Mr. McDaniel the subject, Resolved:— That U. S. Grant was a greater general than Robert E. Lee, was discussed. Mr. Lawrence opened the debate for the affirmative, followed by Mr. Jacobs of the negative. After several members had spoken from the floor, Mr. Jacobs closed the debate for the negative and Mr. Lawrence for the affirmative. The jury awarded the debate to the negative.

Special meetings were held on Feb. 11th and 14th to transact business in regard to the joint debate.

On the evening of Feb. 14, the regular meeting of the society was held. The committee appointed to confer with the Dorchester society in regard to the public debate stated that the subject was to be:— Resolved, That the U. S. will not decay as have the nations of antiquity; that Dorchester would support the affirmative and Cambridge the negative; and that the jury was to consist of members of Boston University. The amendment to the constitution which had been laid over from the last meeting was next taken up. After a hot debate it was decided to defer the matter until the next meeting.

The debate of the evening was then in order, the subject being:— Resolved, That National Prohibition would be beneficial to the United States. Messrs. Chaplin and Rogers supported the affirmative and Messrs. Sharples and Dallinger, the negative. After these gentlemen had spoken, the debate was thrown open to the house and then followed the hottest and most interesting debate that has taken place in the club for many a day. Until 10 o'clock, the discussion was kept up. Then, as it was too late for further argument, the jury decided the debate in favor of the negative by a vote of 3 to 2.

W. E. S.



## SCHOOL NOTES.

- Where are those polo teams?
- Don't fail to read the *Notices*.
- '89 have taken up Homer and Virgil.
- What's the matter with the electric cars?
- It's been rather hard on the II. O. lately.
- The recent debates have been very good.
- Be sure and attend the public debate, March 8.
- Isn't it about time that '88 held its class meeting?
- We are glad to welcome the Athletic Association.
- The second prize essay on "Cassius" is in this number.
- The bulletin board is quite handy, and is appreciated by all.
- A full account of the public debate will be in the March *Review*.
- The results of the recent Physics examinations were not very satisfactory.
- The C. L. S. D. S. is going to have its constitution printed in pamphlet form.
- How many are going to try for the Vassar scholarship? Boys need not answer.
- We shall always be glad to receive *School Notes* from any scholar in the school.
- Election of officers for the C. L. S. D. S. takes place on the third Friday of March.
- '92 and '93 do not care to be represented on the *Review* staff evidently. Well, we are not to blame.
- We were sorry to hear that Mr. Potter met with quite a serious accident at the City Hall, a while ago.
- The speakers in the public debate will be; Dallinger, Allison, Campbell, and Stone, '89, and Rice '91.
- The foot-ball team had some very fine photographs, taken by Pach. The likenesses were unusually good.
- We are very glad to correct the statement made in last month's *Review* that Miss McLeod, '89 had left school.
- In the list of officers of the Debating Society given in our last issue the name of Dallinger, '89, Vice-President was omitted.
- The *Penn Charter Magazine* called *La Vie* in our October number the "best short story we have seen in a school paper for some time."
- The cuts of the High School in this number were

kindly loaned to us by the Cambridge Daily. We extend our thanks to that enterprising paper.

— The classes are arranged in the following order in regard to their support of the *Review*. '93 has dropped from third place to fifth. '89, '90, '91, '92, '93. We shall give in future the order as regard to each month's sale.

## C. H. S. NOTES.

— What's the matter with all the clocks in the building? No two keep the same time.

— The fourth Class had a wide range of subjects to choose from for their recent semi-annual composition.

— Special attention is being paid to Elocution in the First Class, just now. It's getting so near June, you know.

— The First Class has just commenced Civil Government in place of Astronomy. Martin's text-book is being used.

— While awaiting the arrival of a new spectroscope from Europe, we are using the one belonging to the Chelsea High School.

— Three gentlemen from Fall River visited our school early in the month. They were also shown through the Training School.

— Among the new books recently added to the school library are sixteen volumes upon American Statesmen, by various authors.

— Dr. McKenzie entertained the scholars of the First and Second Classes with an interesting lecture upon Palestine a few weeks ago.

— A member of the School Board who is interested in our work, is to give us a lecture upon "English Literature" in the near future.

— We Seniors are very proud of Miss Mabel L. Hasting's fine metrical version of the poem entitled "Le Juif-Errant," and containing 144 lines.

— Still another room, No. 3, has been furnished with electric lights, and one or two have been placed in the Physical Laboratory for experimental purposes.

— The Evening High School course includes a series of lectures. The first of these was given on Monday evening, Feb. 4, by Mr. Warner, the Principal.

— The highest mark in French in the recent half-year examination was 98; in German, 99.5; in Astronomy, 98; in Latin, 99.3; and in History, 96. Who do you suppose were the lucky ones?

— The new High School Building is planned to accommodate 486 pupils, but the plans are so drawn that this number may be greatly increased by future additions to the building.

— The large curtain used with the Solar Camera came down with a crash one day as it was being rolled up after use. Two or three of the boys narrowly escaped getting hit by the falling roller.

— We were glad to hear of the new Athletic Society in the Latin School. It's just the thing that's wanted. How we envy those scholars that are to be the first occupants of the new building with its well-stocked gymnasium.

— The camera is next going to take us, prospective students of Shakspeare, to Stratford-on-Avon, where we shall visit the house in which the great bard was born, the church where he is buried, and then we shall go over the fields to Shottery and admire Anne Hathaway's picturesque cottage.

#### NOTICES.

C. L. S. D. S.

PUBLIC DEBATE between the Dorchester High School Debating Society, and the Cambridge Latin School Debating Society, March 8th, 1889, in Odd Fellows' Hall, Cambridgeport. The debate will be accompanied by a choice musical programme. SUBJECT:— *Resolved, that, the U. S. will not decay as have the nations of antiquity.* Affirmative: Dorchester, Negative: Cambridge. Tickets can be procured of the members of the society. Price 25 cents.

Albert S. Apsey, *Secretary.*

Back numbers of the *Review* (excepting Nos. 2 and 3 of Vol. I) can be obtained of the Business Manager at half the usual price. No numbers of Vol. III will be sold as back numbers. Graduates and all who are interested in the school are invited to subscribe. Albert Mann, *Business Manager.*

All copy must in on or before March 11, 1889, in order to be published in the March *Review*. Further instructions to Editors.

Arthur P. Stone, *Editor in chief.*

C. L. S. D. S. Next debate, Mar. 1st, 1889, at the C. L. S. Building on Lee St. Subject:—*Resolved that the government of Great Britain is better than that of the U. S.*

Albert S. Apsey, *Secretary.*

Too much schooling deprives the boy of his originality. This fact may be exemplified by a short attendance at the trial of a law-suit in the court of Boston. The agony imposed upon the court by the "pleading" of a great majority of Lawyers whose only ideas are such as were made at school is relieved only by the occasional appearance of a Gaston or Butler.

One whose knowledge is gained only from a brief course of the Public school and who is thrown upon the world to provide for himself, needs only the inheritance that honest and upright parents give. The lessons of their Bible and Sunday school, and their originality will do the rest. The handwriting of no two persons is meant to be the same, but nearly all young men graduate from our High schools with the same cramped hand, wholly unfit for business purposes, while their figures, when put to practical use, are almost unintelligible. This is an advertisement, to be paid for, therefore defects are pardonable; but we do want to see boys *original*, and when we sell neck-ties at 25 cts. exactly the same as others sell at 75 cts., do not imagine that the quality must be different; for last week we sold Boys and Girls sleds at 2 cts. each that were worth from 50 cts. to \$2.00,—an *original* idea which blocked Washington St. opposite Milk. We are now selling elegant Silk Umbrellas at \$1.50, and you can buy one *just as nice*, but *no nicer*, in the *nice* store for \$3.00. But of all things, Boys, be *original*.

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# THE LATIN SCHOOL REVIEW

MARCH, 1889

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# THE LATIN SCHOOL REVIEW.

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## THE MONTH.

WE do not wish to be understood as offering any apology for the defeat of the Debating Society in the joint debate with Dorchester, but we feel that it is necessary to correct the erroneous impression which some have received concerning the debate. We have heard it said that Cambridge was the older school, and that as its scholars were farther advanced than those of the Dorchester school, it should be expected to do better. This is very true, but it was understood before the debate that the debate was to be between the two societies and not between the two schools. As the Dorchester society admits any resident of Dorchester as a member, it will be seen that the contest, if it is unequal, is in favor of Dorchester. The Cambridge society, on the other hand, is composed entirely of scholars in the school. The fairness of the contest is easily seen when one learns that three of the Dorchester speakers were graduates, two never attended the school, and the other is the only one who is now a member of the school. We do not mean by this to cast any reflections upon the Dorchester society, as the point was fully understood before we entered upon the debate.

The prospects of Cambridge were never so bright as they are now in base-ball. There seems to be an abundance of material, and plenty of interest, and the team is in the charge of an able captain and a good player. The cup is within our grasp and we have only to do our best and it is ours. There is little fear that the school will not back up the nine, and if the nine does what it can, and what is expected of it,

it can rest assured that money and enthusiasm will not be lacking. But there is one thing that all will do well to remember. It was team work that won the foot-ball cup. If the nine attempts record or "grand stand" playing, the members may get applause but the cup will go to Boston. Let every member then play for the team and not for himself. You will feel a good deal better at the end of the year, even if your name is not at the head of the list, when you think that you earned just one ninth of that cup.

At the beginning of the year we resolved to accomplish two things in the work of the *Review*. The first was to interest the girls—excuse us, the young ladies—in the paper and the second to interest the High School. We have succeeded in the second but not in the first. Now there is no possible way to please people who won't let you know when they are pleased. And it is all the worse when people won't be pleased at all. If you are not interested in base-ball, foot-ball, and the like, why don't you let us know what you are interested in? We would be pleased to publish an account of a fancy-work contest or any other feminine diversion that you suggest if you will only give us a chance. But if you don't have any thing of special interest in the athletic line on hand, at least write something for the paper and show that you are alive. The depths of the editorial waste basket are as silent as the grave, and if your contributions should meet with adverse fates, no one will be the wiser, for the editor has learned to forget. Pity, then, the mournful wail of the despairing editor.

## ON THE CAMPUS.

### BASE-BALL.

THE base-ball season is near at hand, and the interest is rapidly increasing. Rumors have been rife concerning the prospects and success of the nine this year. For a long while it has been anticipated that an interscholastic base-ball association would be formed, but nothing definite has been known.

On Saturday, March 16, a meeting was held

at the rooms of the Boston Athletic Club, delegates being present from all the schools in this vicinity, and also from Andover and Exeter. Our school was represented by Capt. Harding, Linfield, '90 and Whittemore, '92. It was ascertained that a cup to be contested for by schools near Boston has been given by some fifty Harvard graduates to encourage base-ball in the Harvard preparatory schools.

The Boston Interscholastic Base Ball Association was formed. There was a great deal of discussion as to the number of schools that should form the association. It was finally decided that the number should be limited to eight, which are as follows: Boston Latin, Browne and Nichols', Cambridge High and Latin combined, Chauncy Hall, English High, Hale's and Noble's combined, Hopkinson's, and Roxbury Latin.

The constitution was read and accepted after some minor changes. In accordance with it, the following officers were elected: President, J. M. Kendrick, Boston Latin; Vice-president, T. E. Sherwin, Roxbury Latin; Secretary, H. D. Wintringer, Chauncy Hall; Treasurer, R. B. Beals, Roxbury Latin; and a judiciary committee consisting of the captains of the different teams.

The following schedule was arranged for the coming season:

- April 22. Cambridge vs. Noble's and Hale's, Browne and Nichols' vs. Chauncy Hall, Roxbury Latin vs. Hopkinson's.
- April 26. Cambridge vs. Hopkinson's.
- April 27. English High vs. Browne and Nichols'.
- April 29. Roxbury Latin vs. Noble's and Hale's.
- May 3. Boston Latin vs. Noble's and Hale's, English High vs. Hopkinson's.
- May 4. Browne and Nichols' vs. Cambridge, Chauncy Hall vs. Roxbury Latin.
- May 8. English High vs. Chauncy Hall.
- May 10. Boston Latin vs. Hopkinson's.
- May 11. Cambridge vs. Chauncy Hall, Browne and Nichols' vs. Roxbury Latin, English High vs. Noble's and Hale's.
- May 14. Boston Latin vs. Roxbury Latin.
- May 15. Chauncy Hall vs. Noble's and Hale's.



- May 17. English High vs. Boston Latin.  
 May 18. Cambridge vs. Roxbury Latin,  
 Browne and Nichols' vs. Hopkinson's.  
 May 24. Cambridge vs. Boston Latin, Noble's  
 and Hale's vs. Hopkinson's.  
 May 25. English High vs. Roxbury Latin.  
 May 27. Boston Latin vs. Chauncy Hall.  
 May 29. Hopkinson's vs. Chauncy Hall,  
 Noble's and Hale's vs. Browne and Nichols'.  
 May 30. Cambridge vs. English High.  
 May 31. Boston Latin vs. Browne and Nichols'.

The place of each contest will be decided later.

After the games have all been played, which must be done before June 1, a deciding game will be played between a club, picked from the whole association by the captain of the winning team, and the winner of the Andover-Exeter match. This game will be played on June 15, and nine cups, which have been offered by Capt. Willard of the Harvard club, will be presented to the members of the winning team.

### POE AND HIS POETRY.

FEW American writers have interested me more than Poe. His prose writings especially have a weirdness with which truth is so mingled that we are led (while we read them) to believe them entirely. The two least harrowing of these "The Fall of the House of Usher" and the "Gold Bug" are perhaps his best, though of all his works his great prose-poem "Eureka" has the first place, and certainly they are better fitted to be read at midnight than some of his other stories, as "The Pit and the Pendulum" or "The Murder in the Rue Morgue."

But Poe's greatest charm is his poetry; there is not much of it to be sure, but what there is is so uncommonplace and unique that one is tempted to read it two or three times before the book is laid down.

Edgar Allan Poe was born in Boston, January 19, 1809. His parents died when he was quite young and he was adopted by a Mr. Allan, from whom he was named. When he was seven he was taken by his adopted father to England and left there at school; he has

described the place in one of his stories, "Wm. Wilson." Poe seemed to enjoy his schooling there and to be sorry to leave, when he was called back in 1821.

On his return he was sent to an academy at Richmond, Virginia, and stayed there four years. Soon after he left he was stirred by the efforts of the Greeks to free themselves from Turkey and he started with a friend to go to their assistance. His friend's courage failed and it is doubtful whether Poe himself ever saw—

"The glory that was Greece

And the grandeur that was Rome."

In 1830 he entered West Point, but his nature could not bind itself to the rules and regulations; it was like harnessing Pegasus to the plough, and he was dismissed sometime during the next year. His adopted father married soon after a second wife, and Poe was left to earn his own living. His first attempt at literature was an edition of his poems, which had been written during these previous years.

After this, hearing of two prizes to be given by a Baltimore magazine, Poe sent in a story and a poem and won both prizes. This gave him a little start and he was offered a position as assistant editor of a Richmond magazine and in little more than a year raised its subscription list from seven hundred to five thousand. In 1836 he met and soon after married his cousin Virginia Clemm. The next year he left Richmond for New York to assist in the management of a magazine there. He soon left this, however, and went from one paper to another writing articles of almost every kind.

As his wife had consumption it was necessary for her to be removed from New York and accordingly they went to Fordham, a little way out of the city, and there Poe spent most of the rest of his life.

Poe was so poor and knew so little the value of money and how to use it that he rarely had enough to live on, and often lacked even the necessities of life. In 1847 his wife died and Poe who was very fond of her never recovered from the blow, indeed their love for each other was the bright side of Poe's life.

The next two years he passed in lecturing and



writing for magazines, and during the winter and following spring he was at Fordham. In the summer he went to Richmond where he spent three or four months. Early in October he started north, intending to return to Fordham, but was taken sick in Baltimore and died at the hospital of inflammation of the brain on October 7th, 1849.

Poe's temperament was very excitable and high strung; he was noted for his cleverness, his strength, his personal beauty, and his power of telling stories. His love for dumb animals was marked and he was always trying to tame some wild bird. He never forgot a kindness and was a firm friend to anyone who had once done him a favor. Poe had many personal enemies and among these was the author of his life and memoirs, a man of whom he had spoken disparagingly in a literary criticism and who after his death took advantage of his position to slander him.

Poe's character is perhaps best expressed by himself in a poem called "Alone."

"From Childhood's hour I have not been  
As others were—I have not seen  
As others saw—I could not bring  
My passions from a common spring.  
From the same source I have not taken  
My sorrow; I could not awaken  
My heart to joy at the same tone;  
And all I lov'd, I lov'd alone.  
Then—in my childhood—in the dawn  
Of a most stormy life—was drawn  
From ev'ry depth of good and ill  
The mystery which binds me still."

But I intended to speak of his poetry rather than his life. In one of his finest essays "The Poetic Principle" he speaks of various English and American poets and expresses often in words what you have felt but did not know how to say. This is especially true of Tennyson, whom he calls the most ethereal—that is the most elevating and the most pure—of poets.

But Poe's masterpiece is "The Raven"; it certainly excels all other poems I have read in weirdness and originality, excepting Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner." This was first published in 1845; in a few weeks it had spread all over the United States, with innumer-

able parodies and imitations and carried the author's fame to Europe. For this poem, which is considered to have done more for American letters than any other single work, Poe when he was at the height of his fame received only ten dollars. He is said to have alluded to himself as the Raven's

"—unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster  
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs  
one burden bore—

Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy  
burden bore

Of never—never more."

And anyone who reads his life carefully will see how true this is.

Of his other poems "Leonore" and "Annabel Lee" are perhaps the most well known. But I think "The Haunted Palace," which occurs in "The Fall of the House of Usher" by far the most beautiful; surely no one but a true poet could have written the line "Banners yellow, glorious, golden." His fragment of a drama, "Politian," is certainly not so good, but in that as in his minor poems are a few passages of rare beauty.

It is impossible to say how much more Poe could have done; we can only toll for him, as he did for his lost "Leonore," "a dirge for her the doubly dead in that she died so young."

R. J. M.

#### Πόθος.

WHAT small things bring pleasant suggestions,  
Set the fuse to a train of thought!  
In our hearts stir old recollections,  
Other things than the ones we've sought.

Sauntering slowly I heard above me  
Musical murmurs and breezy sighs.  
Glancing up I saw but some pine-trees,  
Straight, ungraceful and lovely arise.

There was but scanty grouping of them,  
Stiffly arranged in one straight row,  
Yet breezes could whisper softly through them,  
Sigh and echo their sobbing low.

As I passed the bridge I heard the lapping  
Of water, stirred by the gay wind's glee;  
Caught a glimpse of the white-caps dancing,  
And the air had a faint, salt odor to me.

Just the wind through a group of pine-trees,  
Just a bit of the foam-clad wave,  
But they brought to my mind a wind-swept forest  
And grand old Ocean's coral caves.

Then I longed to be free from the city,  
Pavements and houses, tumult and noise;  
Tell me, wouldn't it really be glorious,  
Just one ride in a yacht now, boys?

Girls, what wouldn't you give to be riding  
Swift on the smooth, wet sand by the sea;  
Riding along near the curling surf-line  
On a good horse, glad as you to be free?

See how the rackets are lying neglected,  
Or tied with a crimson bow on your wall;  
Soon will your arm have lost its cunning,  
The mighty muscle you gained last Fall.

Oh, is the summer-time never more coming,  
When we can leave the old "church" in delight,  
When the dread June with its terrors has passed us,  
Left no exam's. Which can haunt us at night.

#### PUBLIC DEBATE.

THE Debate which took place on March thirtieth of last year, between Cambridge and Dorchester, and which resulted in a victory for Cambridge, made both schools desirous of again testing their opponents' skill, and the second joint debate took place in Odd Fellows Hall, Cambridge, March eighth. The hall was crowded with an audience composed of members of both schools and their friends, thoroughly interested and appreciative,—to judge by the hearty applause with which they greeted the strong points of the Debate. Mr. A. Campbell, C. L. S. '89, called the meeting to order, and introduced Hon. J. H. Corcoran as chairman of the evening. Mr. Corcoran then announced some slight changes in the program, by which the first number in Part I would be a reading, "The Beautiful Slave," by Mr. Gage of Dorchester. This was delivered in quite dramatic style, and was received with applause. Next came a zither solo by Mr. Shipp of Dorchester, which was rendered very agreeably.

Mr. Corcoran then announced the subject for the Debate, "Resolved: That the United States will not decay as have the Nations of Antiquity." Affirmative, Dorchester. Negative, Cambridge.

He added that each disputant would be limited to ten minutes.

The debate was opened by Mr. Gage of Dorchester. He said that the nations of antiquity were brutal and uneducated, but Christianity and the education of the masses are our safeguard. That none but the most morbid pessimist would fear our downfall. Since each party in our country watched for defects in the other, we should surely attain perfection. Also our penalties are severe for crime. England, with her limited franchise and domestic troubles, sustained herself as mistress of the world until this little republic across the ocean asserted its independence. Other countries have had no chance to work out their destinies, but we have space and opportunity to perfect ours.

Mr. Stone of Cambridge followed.

He said that everything is created for a purpose, and having accomplished its destiny, must decay. Egypt had a higher civilization than her contemporaries. She gave this to Greece and then it was handed down to Rome, and finally to us, growing constantly nearer perfection. The end of all this must be the perfect civilization. As each nation has made way for a better, so must we to grander nations in the future. Each nation has cried as we do, "We shall live forever," but in their hearts have known that the end must come. This truth is so universal as to have become a Divine law. Future nations will give us glory by their praise, as we give glory to those who have gone before us.

Mr. A. S. Dilloway spoke next. He said that Greece and Rome did not govern themselves, but that we do. The power which raised us to our present position will keep us there. We need not fear the laboring class, for they are on friendly terms with their employers. Socialism is no longer an evil since the warning at Chicago. Only a small proportion of emigrants who come here are bad. Our nation cannot decay because it has a firm foundation.

Mr. Dallinger of Cambridge followed.

He said that the causes of Rome's decay were corrupt legislation, too much wealth, and low demagogues. These conditions exist with us. The richest candidates are successful in political



campaigns. Our country may last for centuries, but in the end we shall either yield to some foreign power or terrible civil dissention. An ignorant foreign population is taking the place of the ancient Puritan race.

He closed with quoting the famous lines beginning, "The boast of Heraldry, the pomp of Power."

Mr. Barrett of Dorchester spoke next. He affirmed that if, as the Cambridge gentlemen said, perfection was to be reached, it would come in America. We have troubles like other nations, but have nearly solved the problem of their adjustment. He compared America to a mountain towering above storms. He referred to his opponents' statements about the corruption and crime now existing, and said that he knew little about Cambridge, but if such things happened in Dorchester, the offenders would speedily be lodged in jail.

Mr. Campbell of Cambridge followed. He mentioned as one of the greatest of modern evils, the power of the Roman Catholic church.

To this Mr. Barrett objected, for personal reasons, since he was himself of that faith. But Mr. Campbell assured him that none of his remarks were of a personal character, but referred simply to the political aspect of the question, and continued his reasons for fearing this increasing religious factor in politics, saying that the Pope allowed no freedom of the press, and objected to public schools, and that a true Roman Catholic must be inimical to our government.

Mr. Allison of Cambridge summed up many of the arguments on his side. He said that ignorant and destitute foreigners were flocking to our shores, the majority of whom were idle and vicious. That we had begun to speak of "the Irish Vote," "the German Vote," etc., as important factors in our elections, and to discard candidates who were not agreeable to these foreign elements. Under this strain, our nation must become a country "not of existence but of history."

Mr. Willett of Dorchester in his address referred to Mr. Campbell's speech, and asserted that any religion which interfered with politics was sure to be checked.

He said that the Roman Catholics were practically killed by Martin Luther. He referred to the danger, which had been mentioned of trusts, and was sure that they defeated themselves, since they produced reduction of prices through competition. He added that we will prosper, since we have Free Trade assured to us.

Mr. Rice of Cambridge spoke of the growing evil of Mormonism. If Utah became a state, he feared grave results from the mass of unprincipled voters thus joined to us. He stated that the Mormons now possess all the fertile land between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevadas. Since the West is growing larger, he thought that it must some day come into collision with the East and produce a great civil war.

He also referred to the fact of our having become a nation of Sabbath breakers.

Mr. Ordway of Dorchester followed. He asserted that the two dangers of Mormonism and Roman Catholicism would neutralize each other. He claimed that Cambridge tried to appeal to the religious prejudices of the jury.

He thought that having successfully survived the great civil war, America was sure to be safe for all future time.

Mr. Stone of Cambridge in his address claimed that if Dorchester objected to the argument against Roman Catholics, she should also have done so concerning the Mormons, but this was not done because no Mormon was present to feel offended. He said that the danger from corruption in politics was shown by the fact that one million dollars were spent in New York last year during the election, by both parties, and he mentioned this, although he belonged to one of the parties himself. He said that his opponents had appealed to the sympathy and patriotism of the audience unnecessarily, since all were eager to believe that our dear country would last forever, but were forced to utter the words of Scipio over the ruins of Carthage, prophesying the destruction of proud, beautiful Rome.

Mr. Mair of Dorchester closed the Debate. He said that since America was so near the summit of perfection, she would surely keep on higher, and not turn back. If Americans



carry out the spirit of their institutions, they are safe. [Quite a big if, Mr. Mair!]

Mr. Corcoran announced that the jury would retire and later on "announce the fate of the Nation."

Meanwhile, the C. L. S. double Quartette rendered finely, "Soft on the Summer Night," and "Snyder's Band," responding to an enthusiastic encore by the "Skating Song" with a yodel by Mr. R. Whitman; and a second encore called forth "The Pope he leads a jolly life."

We were glad to welcome back all our last year's quartette, several of whom are no longer in the school. They proved that they had lost none of their old skill, and were accorded a warm reception.

Mr. Mudie of Dorchester sang "The Skipper" very agreeably.

The audience was literally "on tiptoe" with suspense when the jury entered and the foreman announced the decision in favor of Dorchester.

Well, we lost it. But we have the satisfaction of knowing that we fought bravely and died nobly,—with a rah! rah! rah! for Dorchester.

That the Dorchester men were ardent patriots was very evident from the vigorous cheering with which they made the air ring as soon as the future existence of our beloved country was announced to be assured.

As the hour was late Mr. Jose of Cambridge gave a short sketch, instead of the selection which he had prepared, entitled "A Swell's Soliloquy on the War." The audience did not mind the lateness of the hour as much as Mr. Jose, however, and he was obliged to respond to an enthusiastic encore. The exercises of the evening were then closed with a very vigorous rendering of the "Star Spangled Banner" by the Dorchester Quartette.

#### C. L. S. D. S.

The long talked of debate with the Dorchester society is past, and although naturally we are not as well pleased with it as we would have been, had we been victorious, we feel that it was

a great success. Everyone seemed to enjoy it and we proved beyond a doubt by the way the fellows spoke that the debating club does amount to something after all.

On March 1, the society assembled in the school building at the usual time. After the usual preliminary exercises the amendment which had been laid over from the preceding meeting was taken up and discussed. Mr. White spoke strongly in favor of the measure and Mr. Stone as vigorously opposed it. After some time the question was put to vote and defeated by 11 to 10.

Mr. Rogers then favored the society with a short reading which was very favorably received by all the members although it was particularly adapted to '89, being taken from Goodwin's Greek Grammar.

The debate was next in order, the subject being: Resolved,—That the government of Great Britain is better than that of the United States. Mr. Benshimol opened the debate for the affirmative showing how the constitution of the United States is imperfect. He was followed by Mr. Bird of the negative. Mr. Doyle then made a few remarks in favor of England and Mr. Dudley spoke for the opposite side. The debate was then thrown open to the house and a very interesting discussion ensued. At 9.25 the debate returned to the principal disputants, Mr. Bird closing for the negative and Mr. Benshimol for the affirmative. The jury awarded the debate to the negative.

On March 15, the first meeting of the third term was held. After the roll call and reading of records the secretary read his term report going over the doings of the society since last December. The treasurer then read his report giving a full account of the financial affairs of the society. President Campbell next made his farewell address, thanking the officers and members for their support and the janitor for his kind assistance.

The society then chose the following officers for the ensuing term.

<i>President,</i>	F. W. Dallinger, '89.
<i>Vice-president,</i>	R. W. McDaniel, '90.
<i>Secretary,</i>	C. L. Lawrence, '90.

*Treasurer,* A. Jacobs, '90.  
*Rhetorical Committee,* { H. N. Parker, '91.  
 { E. H. Rodgers, '89.

The following gentlemen were elected members:—

Hamilton, '91.  
 Brogan, '92.  
 Cotton, C. H. S.

As it was still early it was voted to have a mock trial. Mr. Rogers was selected as prisoner with the charge of embezzling one cent from the C. L. S. D. S. After much fun and laughter at the droll speeches of the witnesses and the bad puns of the attorneys, the club adjourned.

W. E. S.

### THE STRANGER.

"MADELINE, you must not stand so near the edge; don't you see the waves are rising higher and higher every moment——!" He sprang forward and grasped her just as a mountain of water struck the cliff and enveloped her in its wild rush of foam.

"I shall live to thank you for that, Mr. Laré, but see, she is drifting nearer and nearer that awful reef. Hark!"

The low moaning of the fog-horn was borne dismally to their ears.

Laré had just finished a careful survey of the situation and confessed that it looked serious. The gale had caught the yacht unprepared and capsized her. She was drifting slowly to meet her doom on the ledges. Farther down the beach the life saving crew were getting ready to launch their boat. Wrapping Madeline in his heavy ulster, as additional protection from the wind, he commenced another long, careful survey of the scene before him.

"I declare," he said, "I hope Rodney is well out of this."

"Mr. Laré, let me take the glasses; I think I can tell her."

Sea gulls were whirled hither and thither by the fierce wind, and the cold spray was almost constantly whisked into their faces.

Several of the cottagers had by this time

gathered on the cliff, for report had spread that either the "Sachem" or the "Ruy Blas" had been capsized, and that the violence of the gale was like to make it difficult work to rescue her.

Laré and Madeline stood a little removed from the rest, and were entirely unconscious of the approach of a third. He rushed wildly up to within a few rods of where they stood, and stopped.

"No," he said, "no, she will know too soon! This is my chance. Ah how I love you, God only knows! Darling, I do this for you. I will save him and bring him back safe to you, *safe to you!*" Then casting one long, lingering glance at her, unheeding of his devotion because of the roaring of the gale, he rushed wildly off, whither the men were launching the life-boat, repeating as he went, "I will save him for *her*; I will save him for——" His voice was lost in the roar of the breakers. Seizing the bow oar, he rushed into the surf, clinging to the life-line of the boat.

A prolonged flash of lightning lit up the bay just at that moment. Madeline happened to be looking at the struggling wreck at the time when the most terrible stroke of her life quite took away her senses. The wreck had reached the reef, and just as the lightning burst forth, she righted for an instant, when she struck the ledge, and in the vivid, penetrating glare, the tricolor at her mast-head was revealed to those eyes which best of all the world knew who was suffering beneath its fluttering.

The glasses fell from her nerveless hand, her face became pallid in an instant, she fell heavily against Laré, exclaiming, "The 'Ruy Blas'! Rodney! Rodney! Oh save him, save him!" in a dazed, unintelligible voice, and became insensible in his arms.

"Why Madeline, Madeline, Miss De Saxe, you are unwell, why——!"

He had not finished speaking when some one cried out what she had muttered in fainting, "It's the Ruy Blas! Rodney Thorpe's yacht! I just saw her tricolor. No human being can live out there five seconds!"

'Twas well Madeline was insensible, for that last would have killed her. She was carried to her room, where her friends and sisters anxiously



waited both for her recovery and for news from the beach. The crowd on the cliff followed the course of the life-boat until the mist and darkness shut it from their sight. Slowly they crowd around the landing; some swing lanterns and others vainly trying to kindle a bonfire to guide them in their return. 'Twas late in the evening when they came back with Rodney just alive, and a stranger "little bettern a corpse," who had, they said, thrown himself into the boat just as she met the breakers. The first duty was to procure medical assistance for the 'stranger,' and then, having placed him in his room at the hotel, to provide a rousing supper for the brave crew of the life-boat.

One might have heard two old sailors say, as they were walking home through the gale: "'Twas a brave deed; 'twas an act of an 'ero, thart ar!" and the other replied, "Ye war right, that stranger aire got the stuff in him; 'twas a brave deed, an' 'twas shame 't he shuld die, but the fool shuld 'a kept aout 'a the boat; an' still if 'e had, young Master Thorpe ud 'a been in the bottom uv the sea, 'stead uv only soaked a bit."

"Ye aire right, 'twair well done."

The next day, "stranger," "who was he?" "that stranger," and "the stranger" was on the lips of every one. At last the summer folk had something to talk about, something of genuine interest to every one, for Rodney Thorpe was a favorite with all, as with Madeline in particular. He was about next day, though nothing lively.

Every one felt grateful, nay even thankful to the "stranger,"—for no one knew his name—who had, as Rodney said, "snatched him from the dripping jaws of a roaring hell," and when his whereabouts were made known, finding that his condition was very critical, and that personal congratulation was impossible at present, resorted to that ever welcome blessing to the sick-room—roses. Fresh "jacks" and Marshal Neils were supplied from the conservatories and florists continually.

Social gatherings were at an end for a few days, until the sufferer's condition was pronounced past danger. Rodney was a constant companion at his bedside. At his request Rod-

ney would smoke a cigar so that he could smell its fragrance, thumb the banjo or sing to the accompaniment of the guitar, read to him from the magazines, or recite laughable situations to him.

One night, some time after, Rodney had finished reading a short story to him, when the poor fellow turned his sunken, sorrowful eyes up to him and said, "Mr. Thorpe, I really think I am getting too much praise and attention."

Rodney protested, saying, "Wait until to-morrow, when Madeline comes to thank you, and you will think it has but just begun. She has asked for ——"

"Madeline will come tomorrow," he said, fixing his eyes in a vacant stare at the window, then in a hoarse, harsh whisper continued, "Mr. Thorpe, you will please recall one late afternoon informal last March, at the house of Mme Ruthgert, Rue de Voltaire, Paris."

Rodney was somewhat surprised at this entreaty.

"You also remember having first met Miss De Saxe there."

Rodney was a little bewildered at his friend's questioning.

"Well, I, too, first saw her there. I had taken the necessary steps for introduction, when the sad intelligence of my mother's death at Berlin reached me. I departed immediately." A silence followed, during which the patient was wrapped in silent meditation and Rodney was too much occupied with his thoughts to speak.

"Having arranged all at Berlin," he continued, "I returned to Paris and from Paris came to America, here to Cape Ann, only to find the object of my attention engaged to another, only to mock myself with vain hopes and fancies until just four weeks ago to-day, when the 'Ruy Blas' was wrecked and yourself imperilled. Knowing before any one else on the cliff your danger, I foolishly hoped that by saving you I could at least take courage to form her acquaintance. I could only show her my love and honor by returning to her her lover, my——! Mr. Thorpe, know that it was for her—Madeline—that I rescued you, that I risked my life on that terrible ledge, that I loved her



with all my soul, that I hastened my mother's burial only to return to this—hopelessly deceived. Can I ever be forgiven? No! I must go from here—from her! No one knows what I have told you; do as you think best about telling Miss De Saxe." This last was spoken in such a hopeless, heart-broken manner that Rodney burst into tears and wept for some moments.

'Twas long after midnight when a muffled, slow-pacing figure proceeded up the path to the cottage, paused a moment at the door, exclaimed "Would to God I had been drowned! Ah, Madeline, such devotion," entered, blew out the lamp, and sank listlessly upon a velvet couch.

Two weeks after the event just related, there was to be the ball of the season in the pavilion of the hotel. 'Twas really to be elaborate. Decorative shrubbery and huge palms were ordered, and bunting hangings, flags and ensigns in abundance. Old and young were eager in their preparations. Everything was forgotten in the excitement of the hour. Even the yachts were lying idly, like great white swans, upon the bay.

It was a curious coincidence that the motto of the ball-room should be the word "Stranger," deftly formed by uniting the ensigns of all the yachts. By general consent, after it was done, it was voted to stand for Rodney's rescuer, who was still far too weak, the physician said, to attend in person, and who was still the hero of the hour.

At last all was done. Few were the "Sunset parties" that night, although "Sol did his best."

Soon carriages began to rumble up to the pavilion. Now and then were caught glimpses of white, blue, and in fact every color that was beautiful, as the charming maids were escorted to the hall.

Madeline and Rodney just entered. The soft notes of the orchestra were wafted outward as he opened the door.

The coach withdrew, the last guest had entered.

"By the way, Mr. Thorpe, you know you promised to tell us all about that awful accident, to-night," said one of the ladies who had

arrived the day before.

"O yes, do, Mr. Thorpe," chorused several more. As Rodney was never tired of relating his rescuer's heroic deed, he readily complied.

While this last conversation was going on, the entrance to the pavilion was slowly opened, and two figures, one leaning upon the other for support, entered. They proceeded to a spot whence was obtained a full view of the floor, when the supported person gently seated himself and said, "You may go now. Carriage at ten."

The other withdrew.

Weak, worn, almost a skeleton, his pale, white face seeming a continuation of his shirt-front, and more vividly set forth by the dark elegance of the dress suit he wore, he stood scanning every face, till at last he saw Madeline and Rodney seated in the group of which we have just spoken.

Almost mechanically he moved toward them, stopping ever and anon for strength, till he finally reached a huge palm, just back of them, against which he leaned for support.

Rodney was telling them how the stranger had leaped from the boat upon the ledges, and rushed along the slippery ridge covered with seaweeds and sharp-cutting barnacles, and grasped him just as a huge wave swept over him which would have washed him into the sea, had not his strong hand seized him as in a vise and borne him back to the boat. How the stranger was sucked into an awful whirlpool, at the crevice of the rocks, and was cut and bruised before he could get into the boat again—

"Gracious! what was that?" shrieked Madeline.

A heavy thud on the floor interrupted the narration. Rodney hastened to the aisle, and not noticing exactly where he went, stumbled upon something lying on the floor and fell.

Looking about hastily he saw the dead body of Claude Lorraine, his rescuer. The violent exercise and excitement had caused a reaction to set in, which resulted in a hemorrhage, followed by death.

Slowly rising to his feet again, Rodney spoke in a voice hardly intelligible to himself, "Stop

that music," and reverently covering his face with his hands, kneeled by the side of the dead stranger.

### EXCHANGES.

We have received this month the following exchanges: *The Adelphian*, *The Ogontz Mosaic*, *The Stray Shot*, *The Grotonian*, *The High School Advance*, *The High School Gazette*, *Prairie Breezes*, *The Latin School Register*, *The Old and the New*, *The M. B. S. Echo*, *The High School Graphic*, *The Penn Charter Magazine*, *The Oak*, *Lily*, and *Ivy*, *The Argus*, *The Troy High School Record*, *The E. H. S. Record*, *The Volunteer*, *The High School Record*, *The Academy Scholium*, *The Monitor*, *Pine Grove Echoes*, *The High School Times*, *The High School Enterprise*, *The High School Breccia*, and *The Proctor Academy Crescent*.

Several of the above exchanges we have received for the first time this month. Notable among these may be mentioned *The Adelphian*, which, with the single exception of the Penn Charter Magazine is the only paper containing anything like illustrations that we receive.

*The Ogontz Mosaic* is one of the best, and most entertaining journals in our long list of exchanges, being a splendid example of what degree of excellence, a paper may attain.

The first number of the *Proctor Academy Crescent* has reached us this month, and considering that it is their first issue, we feel that our hearty commendation should accompany our sincere wishes for its future success.

The Boston Latin School Register, as well as the E. H. S. Record, has a great deal to say about prize drills and battallion dances. We fear the time is in the far future, when the editors of the *Review* will be able to report in the columns of that worthy paper, any accounts of the long wished for drill, and the delightful experiences that accompany it.

The *Academy Scholium* contains a lengthy article on the unjustness of the marking system.

We believe there are not a few scholars of

the "old church" who would be inclined to sympathize with the author of the above article.

We feel sure that every editor will sincerely sympathize with the *Washington High School Review* in its sad bereavement. Although its editor was not personally known to us, we must sincerely regret the loss of the editor-in-chief of such an excellent example of amateur journalism.

### SCHOOL NOTES.

- We want another cup.
- Only three more months.
- Mann, '90 is manager of the nine.
- Who says the Glee Club can't sing.
- Hurrah, for the champion polo team!
- The base ball nine has begun to practice.
- One of the young ladies of '89 spells ice "is."
- One more holiday; thanks to the Representatives.
- The C. L. S. D. S. made money out of the debate.
- The subscription for the base ball team is around.
- Welcome to the new officers of the Debating Society.
- The last number of the *Review* was the largest ever printed.
- We would like more school notes from the scholars themselves.
- The High School chose McCormick as their class photographer.
- We were very sorry to be obliged to leave out the exchanges last time.
- '92 doesn't seem to realize that it belongs to the school. It will next year.
- The knowing ones say that the material for the nine is unusually promising.
- If you write Greek in hexameters, mistakes won't count. Didn't Homer have a snap?
- The road from Concord is not good for moonlight walking. At least so say the II. O.
- The Latin School must brace up in its support or we will have to call the paper the *High School Review*.



— The High School is way ahead of us in the Athletic Association idea. By the way, where is the C. L. S. A. A?

— Roxbury and Boston can have all the officers in the Inter-Scholastic B. B. A. We'll take the cup for our share. If we can get it.

— The Class of '86 are going to have a class dinner towards the end of April. Every boy in the class went to Harvard and all but one are there now.

— The first class had their sight translation in Virgil, Mar. 5th and Herodotus Mar. 7th. The lowest mark in the latter was 70. What's the matter with '89.

— In translating Virgil, scholars are requested to give poetical translations. What is the poetical version of, "He chews the bloody ground with his face."

— The C. L. S. D. S. sent letters of thanks to the members of Boston University who served as jury in the joint debate and to Pres. Corcoran of the Board of Aldermen.

— Poetic translation of Homer, "His revered mother sitting in the depths of the sea with her old man father." "She speaks and calls him by name; 'Bub, why do you grieve?'"

— Over a hundred members of the school signed the petition to the City Council for the use of the common three days in the week until June 15th. As the team does all the work that is done on the common it seems to us that this is a just demand.

— '89 held its class meeting on Monday, March 25th; Mr. Stone was elected temporary chairman and Miss Sawin temporary secretary. The chair appointed Messrs. Dudley and Millan as tellers and Mr. E. P. Jose was elected President on the first ballot. Mr. Jose then took the chair, and Miss Sawyer was elected secretary by acclamation. After authorizing the chair to appoint a committee of three to see about the class photographs the meeting adjourned.

— On Saturday, March 1st, the II. O. went to Concord by the following route: leaving Harvard Square, through North Cambridge, Arlington, Lexington, Lincoln Centre to Concord. After visiting the bridge and Sleepy Hollow they returned through Lincoln, Waltham and Belmont to Harvard Square, where they arrived at 9.30 P.M., having gone thirty-four miles over the worst roads in Massachusetts. On Saturday, Mar. 16, a few members of the club went to Lake Cochituate. Leaving Harvard Square, they went through Watertown, Newton, Newtonville, West Newton, Auburndale, Newton Lower Falls, Wellesly Hills, Wellesly, and Natick to the Lake, returning by nearly the same route. The whole distance was twenty-nine miles.

#### C. H. S. NOTES.

—A large number of the scholars were present at the Joint Debate. It was quite an entertainment for the money.

—There were 10,462 scholars in the Cambridge public schools in December, 1888, an increase of 173 over the year before.

—The attendance in the first class has been anything but good of late. Many of the lower classes pass us with a higher average.

—There is a good deal of machinery being set up now at the Training School. The boys are doing most of the work.

—"Doubtless many a school-boy and college man has wished that the Latin language had never existed!" *Cambridge Tribune.*

—Just as the ice is 'off the ponds, we are given permission by the city to skate on Fresh Pond. It will be all right next winter.

—The School Committee, at its last meeting, adopted "Grimm's Tales" in German as a text-book for the High Schools.

—The Evening High School course is now more than half completed. In about fifteen more evenings the school will close for the term.

—Eight scholars got 90 per cent and above, and eight 80 per cent and above in the second class Chemistry examination for the half year.

—Latin and Civil Government have been added to the regular studies in the Evening High School, and the scholars are getting along rapidly in their studies.

—The course of lectures by Prof. Rolfe on the English authors, given every Wednesday afternoon in our building to Cambridge teachers, will probably close this month.

—There are fifty-six pupils at present in the Training School. They spend three hours a day in practical work at the school, and two hours in recitations at the English High School.

—Some of the apparatus for the Athletic Society has already been received, and the hurdles, jumping standards, etc., are being made. The membership is limited to members of the school.

—On March 1, the first steps were taken towards forming an athletic association in the school. The result is shown by a membership at present of forty-three. F. B. Forbes, '89 is president, H. F. Kimball, '89 vice-president, and L. G. Barrett, '89 secretary and treasurer.



—Folsom '88 and Kimball '89 walked to Concord on the fifteenth. That is why they were not at school on that day.

—On the evening of March 8th, the electric lights in the Evening High School rooms suddenly went out and the school was left in darkness. Luckily there remained some gas-jets in the halls and those were lighted. The school was dismissed for the evening.

—Eighty-nine held a class meeting on the 16th. F. B. Forbes was elected President; Miss Mabel L. Hastings, vice-president, and Miss Helen Douglass, secretary. Committeees were also chosen to select a class motto and to see about the class photographs. It was voted to have the salutary in Latin, instead of in English as last year.

—On March 15th, we visited the State House in Boston. The Senate and house were both in session, but the House was by far the more interesting. The battle-flags and relics in Doric Hall were seen, together with the "cod-fish" in the House of Representatives. We were presented to Gov. Ames, and through his courtesies were shown through the Council Chamber. Later we were shown the two charters for the Massachusetts Bay Colonies, the first given by Charles II. and the other, known as the "Province Charter," by William and Mary. The State Library and the Blue Room were also visited, and a few of the boys obtained permission to go up into the dome before the majority of the class arrived. Altogether it was a very pleasant and instructive trip, and we heartily thank our teachers for giving us the opportunity to visit the "Law Makers."

#### NOTICES.

All copy must be in on or before April 11, 1889, in order to be published in the April *Review*. Further instructions to Editors. Arthur P. Stone, *Editor in chief*.

C. L. S. D. S. Next debate, Friday, April 5th, 1889. At the C. L. S. building on Lee Street. Subject: That Cuba should be annexed to the United States. Affirmative, Messrs. Wrenn and Whitman. Negative, Messrs. Apsey and Hill. Reading, Mr. Rice.

C. L. Lawrence, *Secretary*.

Back numbers of the *Review* (excepting Nos. 2 and 3 of Vol. I) can be obtained of the Business Manager at half the usual price. No numbers of Vol. III will be sold as back numbers. Graduates and all who are interested in the school are invited to subscribe. Alber. Mann, *Business Manager*.

A concert in aid of the Cambridge High and Latin

School Base Ball Team will be given by the C. L. S. Double Quartette in Lyceum Hall, Cambridge, on April 9th, at 8 P. M. Admission 35 cents. Tickets can be obtained from members of the team.

Adalbert Harding, *Captain*.

#### WITTY WORDS.

Query:—Does the fire ever make any calls when it goes out.

"George, dear, what kind of fruit is borne by an electric-light plant?" "Electric currents, of course."  
—*Terra Haute Express*.

The following was once found on a can in which an Oxford student kept his tea: *Tu doces*, which, when translated, is Thou tea chest.—*S. H. S. Sun*.

*Professor (dictating Greek composition.)* "Slave, where is thy horse?"

*Startled Sophomore (waking up):* Please sir, its under my seat, but I wasn't using it.

The following is the beginning of a notice recently posted in a neighboring railroad station.

✓ "LEFT.—In the Lady's Room, a *long black lady's* pocketbook."

Some of the bright girls in the Freshman class at Smith College tried to hold a class meeting the other day; but as they could not decide what a majority was, they gave up, and now spend their time in studying Cushing's Manual.

✓ It was when the late Prof. Proctor was an English school examiner that a little girl defined the difference between a man and a brute as follows: "A brute is an imperfect beast. Man is a perfect beast."—*New York Tribune*.

Food for the High School Brain: If two diametrical circles, with octagonal peripheries, should collide with a centrifugal idiosyncrasy,—or, to put it plainer, we will say a disenfranchised nonentity,—what effect would the catastrophe exert on a crystallized codfish suspended by the caudal appendage from the homogeneous rafters of the empyrean.

"The Crescent."

When once Dr. Vincent introduced at Chautauqua Dr. Henderson of Chicago, who was to lecture on "Fools," he said, "We are now to have a lecture on fools by one" (long pause and loud laughter from the audience, when the president concluded with the clause) "of the wisest men in the country." The lecturer advanced to the desk, and responded, "I am

not half so big a fool as Dr. Vincent" (another very long pause, and still more hearty laughter from the audience) "would have you suppose."—*Fabberwork*

FOUND.

By *Josh Billings*.

A maltese soprano kat, about 12 munths old, singing old hundred on a picket fence, late thursda nite, whichever person owns sed kat will find him (or her according to circumstansis) in a vacant lot, just bak ov our hous still butiful in deth.

A fine specimen of the *Taurus Hibernicus* made its appearance in the Bow Street police court yesterday. "You ducked your head," said the magistrate to Patrick Lane, who charged Joseph Kavanaugh with shooting at him in the Strand. "Faith, and I did, your worship. It's better to be a coward for five minutes than to be dead all your lifetime."—*London Globe*.

Charles,—"Say, George, here's something I can't understand."

George,—"Well, what is it?"

"Why, you know that the moon is supposed to have an influence upon young couples, or rather upon unmarried people?"

"Yes, what of it?"

"Because, here it says that the moon has an influence over the tide."—*Transcript*.

The following extract from an epitaph in a New Hampshire graveyard is almost as good as the above:—"Three twin children."

#### GEOGRAPHICAL DERIVATIVES.

"Now," in a *Chili* tone she said,

"I will be *Frank*, 'tis true,

Altho' you *Arab* brilliant catch,

I do not *Caffra* you!"

"O, lady, *Dane*, to hear my suit,

This heart is *Scot* by thee—"

"Nay, sir, I cannot heed your words,

For you *Arnaut* to me!"

"'Tis *Welch*," she added freezingly,

"Since *Siam* pressed so far,

To *Hindoo* you no longer here,

And so, good sir, *Tartar*."

"What *Ottoman* like me to do?"

Bewailed the stricken man,

"I'll *Finish* up my mad career

And wed the *Gallican*!"

—S. H. S. *Sun*.



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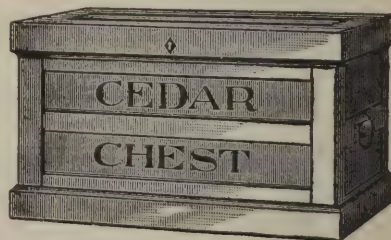
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THE LATIN SCHOOL  
REVIEW

APRIL, 1889

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# THE LATIN SCHOOL REVIEW.

VOL. III.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., APRIL, 1889.

No. VII.

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## THE MONTH.

WE wonder if any of those that heard the Double Quartette of '88 in the recent concert felt any regret. It seemed a pity to us that the school has not been represented this year by any musical organization. And it is all the more deplorable, because there seems to be no reason why the school should not be so represented. It seemed to be negligence rather than inability which prevented the reorganization of the Glee Club. It is almost too late now, but assuredly some effort can be made to encourage the musical talent in the school, and we hope to see the C. L. S. Double Quartette of '90 repeat the brilliant achievements of their predecessors of '88.

When we first entered the Latin School we were disposed to accept anything which we could find in print as gospel truth. But we know more now, at least in some directions, and through the kind efforts of instructors have learned that occasionally the books are wrong. This is a sad state of affairs. When a scholar who has industriously devoured a Latin grammar, notes, fine print, references and all, is told that he has studiously conned a glaring error, his soul revolts, and his faith in the whole race of Latin grammars is shaken. From a bright, ardent youth thirsting for information, he becomes a morbid pessimist, a dismal cynic. No more his soul delights in Latin Comp., and he makes a nominative adjective agree with an ablative noun with a recklessness which is born of despair. When he is informed by high authority that "the notes are wrong," the music departs from his soul, and he detests the very name



of note. And when the happy or unhappy possessor of two editions finds notes, with a long string of authorities backing each, diametrically opposite, wonder and dismay falls upon him. With all good intents he starts a set of notes of his own, but the scheme is nipped in the bud by a sarcastic, "Hear the boy talk." He sees, admires and imitates the ease and effrontery with which Homer evades the rule for conditions, but his own painstaking endeavors only meet with scorn.

This is the sad condition of the scholars of today. No wonder our youth are skeptical when they are obliged to learn and unlearn the same facts. We are informed that this is good mental drill, that it expands the tissue of the brain. Can that do the mind good that corrodes the soul? When a youth of tender years sees men of high aims and ambitions, as Cicero, Virgil, Homer, and Xenophon, entirely disregarding those rules which they themselves helped to found, is he likely to be helped on by those examples into righteous manhood?

Where then is the remedy? The answer is most evident. Accede to the just demands of the scholars. We do not ask for longer vacations. We are willing to study ten months in the year, and to spend the other two in making up back work. We do not ask for less hours. We are content to study two-thirds of our waking moments, and to spend the other third reciting, with the occasional dissipation of eating. But we would like to have books that we can believe, and to study subjects which would meet with the approval of the immortal Washington.

We wish more of the scholars would follow the example of the author of "Scraps" in this number. A simple account of some of the things that enter into your daily life cannot help being interesting to all. The *Review* is published to represent the school, and the more nearly we can come in contact with our subscribers, the more successful the paper must be.

## A TRAMP THROUGH THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

IN July, '87, my chum, whom I will call Bridges, and myself thought that a very pleasant way of spending a couple of weeks of the hot weather would be to take a tramp through the White Mountains. And as "Thought is father of the deed," the evening of the fourteenth of the above mentioned month saw us on board one of the steamers which run regularly between Boston and Portland.

At seven o'clock the last bell rang, the gang-plank was hauled on board, the wheels started, and we were launched on our own resources. We sat on deck watching the city fade out of sight, inhaling with delight the fresh sea-breeze, and talked of the pleasures which we anticipated on our tramp, until we had left the two lights on Thatcher's Island far behind us and it was nearing the hour of ten; then, and not till then, did we think of retiring, and as we wished to start bright and early in the morning we turned in.

We arrived at Portland at half-past five, and, after we had strapped on our knapsacks, which we had checked through, we started, tramping through the deserted streets and suburbs, until, at a quarter after six, we arrived at a place called Deering. Here we sat down and wrote a postal to the people at home.

For the first fifteen miles or so out of Portland the road is quite level and sandy, and, as the day was very hot, we found the walking exceedingly difficult; so much so, that by two o'clock, when we stopped to eat our dinner, our knapsacks seemed to weigh a ton apiece.

Just as we finished our dinner a wagon came along, and as we wished to make a certain place that night we asked the driver if he would give us a lift, and as he replied in the affirmative, we jumped in and were driven through some of the most beautiful scenery of any we saw during our trip. The road winds along at a distance of half a mile from the shore of Lake Sebago, a

very beautiful and picturesque sheet of water which supplies the inhabitants of Portland with clear, cool water.

We stopped at South Caso that night, at a farm-house, where we were most hospitably treated, and I have spent many a more unpleasant evening than that one on the shore of Lake Sebago.

We started at a quarter to seven the next morning without any particular point for our destination but with a tacit understanding that we would get to Bethel before night if it were possible. The road for the first ten miles skirts the shore of Long Pond, a body of water which in our vicinity would be considered quite a lake, as it is two miles long and from one to two miles in width. We arrived at Harrison, situated at the head of Long Pond, at about half-past ten.

Harrison is a small hamlet consisting of a coat factory, two hotels, several stores, in one of which the post-office is located, and the usual assortment of houses. From here the road is very sandy and passes through a region densely wooded with pine trees. We reached Waterford City at about one o'clock, where we ate our lunch and rested awhile.

At about three o'clock we arrived at North Waterford in a very tired and worn out condition, having already walked since morning twenty-five miles. At North Waterford we asked a farmer how far it was to Bethel: "somewhere nigh onter fourteen mile" was the answer.

"Do you think we can get there before night?" we eagerly asked. "Get there before night? Why bless my heart, I couldn't walk there in a day, even if I was fresh." Notwithstanding this discouraging evidence of the difficulty of our undertaking we determined to get to Bethel that night if possible. For about six miles out of North Waterford the way leads through a dense pine swamp, which literally swarms with mosquitoes and the little pests came near destroying what little life there was in us. At last there loomed up before our expectant eyes, a large red wooden building, which would disgrace the name of a barn. As we had been enjoined to be

sure and see Albany Town House and as Albany Town House, according to the guide-boards was somewhere thereabouts, we thought that this must be it. Just at this juncture a large ox-team appeared on the scene conveying two tillers of the soil, of whom the elder was driving.

"Will you please tell us," said I, "where the Albany Town House is?"

The old man, with a most injured look, pointed his finger at the red building and in a voice as full of awe as if he were speaking of something sacred, said, "That is it," and when his back was turned, we smiled, for then we knew why we had been told to look out for Albany Town House.

The road for the rest of the way to Bethel is the most sandy of any I ever saw, and as we were almost ready to drop at every step this did not help matters much.

At last, at about ten minutes to nine, we arrived at the Elms House, having walked about forty miles that day, and after we had astonished the natives by eating everything on the table we retired. As the next day was Sunday we remained in Bethel passing the time very pleasantly and quietly.

At about half-past seven the next morning we started from Bethel in a drizzling rain which increased as we went on until finally we were obliged to seek shelter in a barn which was near the road.

After it held up a little we resumed our journey, the road now following the crooked course of the Androscoggin river.

Just before we came to Goshen we saw a small country school house, and being very wet and a little tired, we thought that it would be pleasant to get in there and rest, so we raised a window and climbed in. After we had been there a few minutes, Bridges began to amuse himself in his usual way, by singing in a very loud voice snatches of college songs, when suddenly we were startled by a face at the window and immediately a voice exclaimed:

"What ye doin' in thar, come outer thot gosh darned quick."

"Not doing anything," said we, quite taken aback.



"Come, get outer thar ; if ye hadn't made so much noise, ye could hev stayed thar."

And we got.

About five o'clock we arrived at Gorham, and as we entered the town we caught the first glimpse of Mt. Washington looming up grandly ten miles away and raising its majestic height far above the clouds. We spent that night at a very pleasant boarding house, and at about half-past seven we started for the Glen House, where we arrived at about ten o'clock.

The Glen House is a hotel, splendidly situated and fully equipped with all the modern appliances for the comfort of its guests.

We paid our toll at the toll-gate at the foot of the mountain and began slowly to ascend the winding road. We did it slowly because we did not wish to reach the Half-Way House until nearly nightfall, the reason will be seen later on.

We ate our lunch by the wayside, quenching our thirst from one of the many springs which gush forth from the mountain side.

We arrived at the Half-Way House at about five o'clock ; a man appeared at the door and wanted to see our passes. We asked him if he ever took in any one over night, to which he replied that he did not.

We then asked him if we might sleep in the barn, but he said that we might set something on fire. Finally I said, "We're too tired to go any further, we have been walking all day." "Well," said he, "if that's the case I don't suppose that I can turn you away," and with that he told us to come in.

That night we slept on some blankets on the floor with our heads pillowed on our knapsacks, and a pretty cold night we found it to be. At about three o'clock we stole quietly out of the house and began quickly to ascend the mountain.

At last we reached a point not far from the very summit, whence the sunrise could be seen in all its glory.

A few rays began to appear over the heights of the distant mountains, and gradually the sky became suffused with a beautiful roseate hue, and the higher peaks seemed to be tipped with living fire, while the humbler ones were still in shadow ; the peaks below us surrounded as

they were by snowy clouds, stood out like rocks from the raging breakers which seek to cover them ; and from the valleys beneath arose faintly and sweetly the morning song of the birds. At last the glorious "Orb of Day," red as fresh drawn blood, showed itself clear above the summits of the mountains, and that beautiful scene which seemed like a glimpse into fairyland had vanished and everything had put on its everyday appearance.

After gazing around us with wonder and admiration for a few minutes we continued our ascent reaching the summit in about ten minutes.

The view from the summit is magnificent, mountain after mountain extending as far as the eye can reach, on some of whose sides the glistening snow could be seen even at that time of the year.

We left our knapsacks at the Summit House and descended the sides of the mountain to Tuckerman's Ravine, over boulders of all sizes and through ground Juniper, which concealed the holes and caused us many falls but happily no serious ones. Tuckerman's Ravine is a great gulf in the side of the mountain and is principally noted for the wonderful snow arch that exists there almost all the year.

There is a huge drift about a quarter of a mile long and from ten to fifty feet in depth through which the water running down the mountain side cuts its way and forms the arch.

We did not enter the arch as we had been warned by the men at the Half-Way House not to do so, and, in order to impress it on our minds, they rehearsed the whole catalogue of accidents, which had happened there. We reascended the mountain by the *path*, and a more wretched apology for a path I never saw, it being merely dabs of whitewash, here and there, on the rocks or a stick set up to show the way.

We ate our lunch on the summit and commenced the descent on the other side by a path which terminated ultimately in Crawford's Bridle-path. This path is very rough and at times was almost imperceptible, and I can easily see how one could lose his way there in a fog, since we came near doing so on a clear day ; it is considered a very dangerous undertaking to go from the summit to Crawford's or *vice versa*, without



a guide. The path, for such I am obliged to call it, leads by the Lake of the Clouds and over the heights of several of the loftiest peaks of the Presidential Range, and, in many places, winds along the very brink of a profound abyss, and woe to the unfortunate traveller who should slip over the brink.

About ten miles from the Summit, Crawford's Bridle-path commences, consisting mostly of corduroy, which is so badly damaged that it is exceedingly difficult to walk on it, and in many places the path formed the bed of a small mountain rill which followed its course. We arrived at Crawford's at about five o'clock, and from Crawford's we pushed on to the White Mountain House, passing Fabyan's on the way.

The next day we walked through Bethlehem, that very beautiful and well known mountain resort, and as we were tired and foot-sore we stopped at the Elmwood House in Franconia Notch, where we spent a most delightful evening. It was raining the next morning when we started out, and continued all day; nevertheless we walked on through the Franconia Notch and saw on the way, Echo Lake, Profile Lake, the "Old man of the mountains," the Basin, Pool and Flume, all of which have been so often written about that I will not try to describe them.

We stayed that night in Woodstock and were greatly amused and entertained by our host's reminiscences of Boston fifty years ago, and by his bear stories, of which he had a plentiful store.

When we awoke the next morning it was still raining and after we had breakfasted we adjourned to the sitting-room, where we amused ourselves examining the family photographs and Bridges tried to drive away the dismal effects of the weather by playing on a wheezy old melodeon.

As there was no chance of its clearing up we decided to go on rain or no rain, and for the third time during our trip we tramped through the rain and wind arriving in Plymouth at about two o'clock, and as we had had enough walking we decided to take the train there for The Weirs, where we arrived at about six o'clock. The next day being Sunday we stayed over at The Weirs amusing ourselves by going out rowing and taking a pleasant swim in Lake Winnepiseogee.

Monday morning we took the steamer for Wolfboro where we arrived in about three hours after a most delightful sail of about thirty miles.

From Wolfboro we took the train for Boston via Portsmouth, where we arrived at about four o'clock, much improved in health, but so sunburned that our friends hardly knew us. Thus ended one of the most delightful two weeks that I have ever spent, and I shall always look back on them with pleasure; and I advise anyone who wishes to spend a couple of weeks pleasantly and profitably, to take a tramp through the White Mountains.

### THE BENEFIT CONCERT.

THE concert for the benefit of the base-ball team was fairly well attended, and must have materially aided the treasury of the club. We were all glad to welcome the Double Quartette again, and the repeated encores with which they were greeted showed that they had lost none of their former popularity. The yodels and whistling selections were especially pleasing. The guitar and mandolin duets by Messrs. Jose and Whitman were very enjoyable, and none the less interesting on account of some unexpected de-nouements. Miss Power's readings were finely rendered, and her response to the enthusiastic encore which greeted her last selection was particularly apropos.

Miss Whittemore's selections were also very good, and the Mixed Quartette was a decided revelation to many. Following is the programme as presented:—

Double Quartette, "Schneider's Band."  
Guitar and mandolin duet, "Forget-me-not Gavotte,"  
Messrs. E. P. Jose and R. L. Whitman  
Reading, "Roba-di-Roma," Miss Clara T. Power  
"Coming," Miss Helen S. Whittemore  
Double Quartette, { a "The Man in the Moon's  
Ball."  
b "Skating Song."  
Guitar and mandolin duet, "Serenade of the Mandolins,"  
Messrs. Jose and Whitman  
Double Quartette, { a "Pope."  
b "Imogene Donahue."  
"Le Pandero," Miss Whittemore  
Reading, { a "A Justifiable Suicide."  
b "The Low Backed Car."  
Miss Power  
Mixed Quartette, "O Hush Thee, My Babe,"  
Miss H. S. Whittemore, Miss A. M. Whittemore,  
Mr. F. I. Whittemore, Mr. L. F. Berry.  
Guitar and mandolin duet, Messrs. Jose and Whitman  
Double Quartette, "Stars of the Summer Night."

## SCRAPS.

## A HANS VON BÜLOW CONCERT.

THE second concert of the "Beethoven Cyclus" was given in Music Hall, Tuesday, April 16th.

My seat was engaged, but I came early and watched the musicians as they assembled. Behrman, Lang, Faelten, Bendix and many more, beside a host of eager students with the music of the afternoon under their arms; critics and reporters. Near me a person, bent on combining her pleasures, was placidly devouring caramels while she studied her program; and behind me an enthusiastic little damsel was emphatically stating her opinion to a neighbor that, "Whatever anybody thinks, its *my* opinion that Beethoven was the greatest of the old masters."

Now a storm of clapping told that the Master had appeared, and Dr. Hans Von Bülow walked quickly across the stage and seated himself at the Knabe piano. He is rather a short, stout man, partially bald, with a pointed gray beard. Running his rather small fingers over the keys in a series of soft introductory chords, he glanced over his glasses in a genial way at his audience, and then began on the "Sonata Quasi Fantasia, C sharp minor, op. 27, No. 2."

The entire concert was without notes, and the audience followed the progress of the performer intently, interrupting the stillness only by the soft rustling of the turned pages.

I was fortunate in having next me a young musician who shared her copies of the music with me, and I alternately followed the notes and gazed through my opera-glass at the facile fingers, trying eagerly to note the world-famous technique of Dr. Von Bülow and "how he did it." "Dear me," sighed a girl behind me, "he plays so fast that I can't tell whether he plays single or double notes in some of his runs." Truly the clever fingers flew in the Allegro and Presto passages. Double thirds and delicate runs rippled lightly and clearly over the keyboard.

With an evident love for the music, aside from any care for its technical rendering, the great man put new meaning into that which had been

grand before. Things which one had always known, like the famous C-sharp minor sonata, op. 27, No. 2, ordinarily called "The Moonlight Sonata," acquired added beauty from the musician's touch.

One criticism which I read of the concert said that Dr. Von Bülow followed Wagner's ideas in yielding to his own instinct about the tempo of Beethoven's works. Ah! What would not a student give to possess an instinct so unerring that he dared yield to it, and know it would produce such results as Dr. Von Bülow achieves?

Only twice did Von Bülow pause for any length of time. Once he arose and marched in an eccentric way about the stage, gazing at his audience and bowing low in response to the applause.

The critics say, "One can write only in superlatives about his playing," and one is truly sure of perfection.

It is related of him that once at a memory concert in Berlin, after playing grandly he ended, by some queer chance, with a wrong note. The little slip was of course unnoticed, and his enthusiastic audience applauded vociferously, but when he was in the act of bowing, the master stretched his hand to the piano and struck the right note.

The concert lasted two hours, and at the close everybody sighed, "Oh! I am so tired, but wasn't it glorious?"

A week of Wagner and now a week of Von Bülow is a good deal of music for an ordinary listener.

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 THE PI ETA THEATRICALS.

The kindness of the Pi Eta Society permits outsiders to witness the dress-rehearsal of the graduate-theatricals, so on Thursday, April 11th, we entered the hall, 15 Brattle St. (up about a dozen flights of stairs), and occupied ourselves while waiting for the curtain to rise, by reading the very amusing programs. It is one of the penalties of acting, I suppose, to undergo these "grinds" from the wits of the Society, and we outsiders are allowed to share in the fun too. The play given was, "Boodle Waddle XXXI," and the cast was as follows:



Boodle Waddle XXXI., O. B. Roberts, '86.  
Prince Cedric, little Lord Fauntleroy,

G. L. Howard, '88.

John Henry, Black Duke of Tewksbury,

W. C. Burbank, '87.

(It was mentioned that Mr. Burbank's teeth are known as "the fast set at Harvard.")

Jakin, Court Fool and Royal Astrologer,

G. B. Bryant, '86.

John L. Gonfalon (professional murderer and court executioner, who owns a private cemetery and buries his own dead. No flowers),

E. C. Wright, '86.

(The legs used in this impersonation are kindly loaned for the occasion by the Wakefield Rattan Company.)

Muldoon, - - C. D. Farquharson, '87.

Nadgy, - - W. W. Simmons, '86.

and

Sophronisba (ambitious Annex in disguise, with a view to the heir apparent), - - C. T. Giddings, '87.

Chorus of 400 kindly loaned by Ward McAllister.

The synopses of the two acts were delightfully indefinite and mysterious. One might expect anything and be sure of getting it. When we were to look for especial impudence, the program announced it by "S A S (adv't)." There was a series of especial notices at the end of the program such as: "The kisses used in this performance are after designs furnished by Amelie Rives;" "The audience is requested not to use hand-grenades on the cast," etc.

When at last everybody had finished reading his program, had gazed at the stunningly pretty girl in front of him and calmly rejoiced if her much "smitten" escort was forced to "give his seat to a lady," the curtain rose and the grand melodrama began. The actors had evidently spent their time in diligently studying the advertisements in the horse (or electric) cars, for constant quotations, such as "Be a good little housewife and try a pair of P. R. Pants," etc., were brought in. It seemed hard that, when the men were heroically laying aside their "Harvard indifference," and endeavoring to personate the "Fair Sex," the Fair ones in the audience

should literally "smile upon" their efforts. But alas! broad smiles greeted the learned and ambitious Sophronisba as she softly instilled candy into the mouth and words of love into the innocent heart of the guileless Cedric, or haughtily scorned the vows of the love-lorn Gonfalon or the merry Jakin. Nadgy even, with her grace and coquetry and in her final daring leap over the astonished Muldoon, produced only a roar of mirth. The volatile audience showed no reverence for the fervent prayers and paternosters of the affrighted Boodle-Waddle in the astrologer's cave, and when at last his crossing became frantic and he collapsed utterly, tearing his wig, the populace unsympathetically "grinned."

Gonfalon was terrible enough to bring a nightmare on to the peaceful couch of an inexorable Prof., as the murderer glided about with a saw, muttering "a handsaw is a good thing, but not to shave with."

The play of course "ended well." Lydia Pinkham, the kind and considerate aunt of Sophronisba, remembered to mention her charming relative in her will to the extent of seven million dollars. This thoughtfulness so touched the heart of King Boodle-Waddle that he presented the timid annex maid with the hand of his youthful son on the spot, and the curtain fell amid general jubilation.

#### A "DIVERSION" OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

I HAD the honor of being a member of the Class of '84, C. H. S.—the reprobate class, the all-fiendish, the studiously villainous; pronounced by all teachers "the worst class without any exception they ever had"—till the next one came along.

"Times are changed since then,  
And life's a different thing;  
And gone—

gone are many of the persons and things that made school life quite endurable, even pleasant for us; but the most marked absence, if I should ever go back to the old building to note it, the most terrible, howling vacuity, would be that of Miss Gleason, who presided over the



little corner room on the Broadway side of the top story of the building.

Miss Gleason was a good soul, a well-meaning soul, and withal a learned soul; but she was inclined to allow the petty annoyances ("petty annoyances" was something she often said in our presence) of this life to trouble her more than they should; and as we were the true professors and high priests of that branch of science, it followed that *we* troubled her more than we should.

The tale of all our pranks would be too long for any number or volume of the *Review*. But the relation of one of the closing conspiracies of our school life, the most general and determined of all, cannot, I think, fail to interest the Miss-Gleason-less scholars of the present day, if there are any of our turn of mind—I trust there are none.

In Miss Gleason's room, there was a clock; peace to its bones, it must have stopped ticking long ere this, for its motions had grown very erratic through its advanced age even then. We didn't care for that—I remember now the delicious sensation of hearing the bell for the close of recitation ring when our antique clock was only half through the hour!—but what our class (for it was an aesthetic class, with its other failings) objected to, to a pupil, was the distressed look of that clock's face. The hand of time (or perhaps the hand of time's faithful agent, the clock itself, or that of some former graduate, on investigation bent), had left a long scratch on its once attractive features, reaching, I think, from one of its I's nearly to the centre of its pivotal nose. It was not only a disfigurement, but a hindrance to the ascertainment of such time as the old veteran chose to tell. Poor old fellow! It seems too bad to laugh at him; but we can never, I am sure, forget the gaunt, quixotic look of our old neighbor, with his modified coffin-shaped armor, and that battle-scarred countenance.

A bright member of the class below us, (for '84 will claim neither the originality nor the sinfulness of the first conception) in a moment of inspiration during a study-hour, drew up a petition on the subject, in that approved style the Round-Robin, addressed to Miss Gleason

in behalf of the suffering public who recited in her room. This petition, contained in the space of a three inch circle, was a model document. It stated the grievance plainly, briefly, and affectingly; and followed it up with an equally plain and brief appeal for the remedy, which, in the petitioners' opinion was proper and practicable:—namely, that Miss Gleason should either repaint the face herself, or have it done by persons of higher skill in the art.

This scheme was not originally intended to go beyond the "Black Clique," the "Whyo's" of the class; and when it first started was not considered in the light of a great moral reformatory movement. But as the Robin rolled about the class, it seemed to gather respectability with every spoke added to the wheel. Up it mounted, through members of varying degrees of intellectuality and usual inoffensiveness, till it included the loneliest and most dazzling stars of our class nebula. Then it circulated through the "College Contingent," and gathered fresh virtue and persuasiveness. And when at last the watchful fosterers of the scheme again took possession of the precious paper, it only failed to record the name of every scholar who entered Miss Gleason's room for any purpose under the sun, because the numerous sectors surrounding the great petition were filled to overflowing.

It was a great day when the petition was presented. It was sent by mail, and was expected by the 11 o'clock post, at the time when the Tenth Legion of the Scalawags, Division 2, '84, were at recitation in Miss Gleason's. Mr. Bradbury brought it in; every eye was fastened on the legal envelope as he laid it on her desk, and every mouth wrestled with the tendency to take on that pleasant expression peculiar to the Man in the Moon. Miss Gleason tossed the letter to one side, and Mr. Bradbury, with a glance of surprise at our unusually orderly appearance, left the room. Then, the temptation was too strong for Miss Gleason; what could that envelope contain?—a "call," perhaps, to fresh fields and pastures new, the income from the cultivation of which would show a balance above expenses,—a pension from the Government, maybe—the National Tinkers had been

known to do such things, — a copy of a will, with a clause in her favor — or at least a promissory note returned with payment. She opened it, and saw — the Round Robin; which now, with its fringe of names which the circle had not been able to hold, looked like a photograph of Encke's Comet, or a Rising Sun Stove Polish advertisement. She read the thing through, before its full enormity struck her: it was the supremest kind of a hoax, and here before her, watching for the least sign of any expression possible to build a laugh upon, were the ring-leaders of what might truly be called the "Opposition"; the *creme de la creme* of the skilled mischief-mongers of the school.

She didn't look "sold"; she looked "mad." And yet, in the midst of her exasperation, there was a lingering sense of the absurdity of the situation and the richness of the joke. She made us a little speech, into which Gladstone himself could not have infused any more force and charming directness. Pointing at some of the best boys present (there were two boys in that division) she began her remarks by the information that not the roundest Robin could hide from her the fact that "You and you got this thing up." She didn't take our (or, that is to say, *their*) names, for she kept a little memorandum of them on her desk all the time, to save labor; but she made a hieroglyphic against each one, that meant so many — orders on some bank, as I recollect it.

Truly, the words of such great persons "go not from door to door, but sit within the house"; none of us there that day can forget the beautiful peroration of her discourse:— "The next thing I know," (with the utmost sarcasm), "when the roof leaks, you will be asking me to step up there and fix it—or go down when you are chilly and put more coal on the furnace. But I want you to understand one thing; as long as I have control of this room, that clock shall stay as it is!" And I happen to know that as long as she *did* stay there, the battered face of that clock still reminded her of the good old days when we were there, before total depravity began to show itself. Is it there now?

## ON THE CAMPUS.

## BASE-BALL.

THE base-ball club is now on quite a firm financial basis, the result of the concert. Throughout the April vacation, the candidates for the nine have practiced daily on the Common, and have shown a great deal of improvement. The nine has been temporarily chosen as follows: Corbett, '90, catcher; Linfield, '90, pitcher; Dickinson, '90, 1st base; Harding, '90, 2d base; Whittemore, '92, 3d base; Whiting, C. H. S., short-stop; Reed, C. H. S., left field; Fox, '92, centre field; Bradford, C. H. S., right field, and Bacon, '91, change pitcher.

The following are the championship games which our school is to play:

Apr. 22.	Nobles' & Hale's, Cambridge Common,	3 P.M.
" 26.	Hopkinson's, " " "	" " "
May 4.	Browne & Nichols' " " "	" " "
" 11.	Chauncy Hall, " " "	" " "
" 18.	Roxbury Latin, Brookline " "	10 A.M.
" 24.	Boston Latin, " " "	3 P.M.
" 30.	English High, " " "	10 A.M.

The first game of the season was played Fast Day on Brookline Common with the Marions of Brookline. Our team was defeated by the score of 8 to 2. The defeat was mainly due to extremely weak batting. On the next day a game was played with the Harvard Freshmen who were defeated by a score of 19 to 16. Both teams played poorly, making no less than twenty-five fielding errors.

On Friday, April 12, our team defeated the Somerville High School team by the score of 8 to 6. Our playing showed improvement both in batting and fielding. The game was won in the eighth inning, when three runs were made.

On April 19, the team defeated the Newton High School by a score of 18 to 12. The game was pretty fair, the score being 9 to 9 at the end of the ninth inning. In the tenth, however, Cook, the Newton pitcher, weakened, and our boys got in eight hits, with a total of fourteen. After nine runs had been made, Captain Harding told the next two men to get out, as it was getting late. Mr. Barrett, C. H. S., '89, umpired the game in a very acceptable manner.



The first championship game with Noble's and Hale's on April 22 was a farce. Only five innings were played, but our team succeeded in piling up thirty-nine runs to their opponents two. Twenty-nine hits were made, among them being eight home runs. The team played very well, but there were some weaknesses which would have been noticeable if the game had been closer. The new uniforms were greatly admired. Mr. E. A. Zaun umpired the game very satisfactorily.

### CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

THE most casual reader of French history cannot fail to be interested in the career of Cardinal Richelieu. A powerful man he certainly was, a shrewd politician, a soldier, a ruler and a scholar, and successful in each.

Richelieu was born at Paris, Sept. 5, 1585. He began to study for a military profession, but soon changed to theology, and was made a bishop at the age of twenty-one. From this he soon became secretary to the Queen Regent.

In 1622 he received a cardinal's hat and soon became prime minister. Being now in an influential position, he began to propose bold schemes. Throughout France were many castles occupied by the nobility, who at that time held considerable power. Richelieu resolved to subdue these nobles. This he quickly did, thereby striking a death-blow to feudalism in France, centralizing the power at Paris and making France a unity.

For twenty years religious pretenses had been the cloak for politics. Many contended for power under the guise of religion. Many conspiracies were originated among the Huguenots. La Rochelle was a stronghold of the conspirators, who tried to get England to make war against France. Richelieu, on hearing of it, proceeded to lay siege to the town.

The inhabitants, during the siege, obtained food from English ships stationed outside. Richelieu finally subdued them by building a dyke in front of the town. Piles were driven, and rocks and trunks of trees put on them. Sums of money were paid to peasants for

baskets of earth, Richelieu superintending the whole work personally.

The English were discouraged and sailed away. A famine took place in the town in which fifteen thousand persons died. The town surrendered Oct. 28, 1628. Richelieu treated the people kindly, providing food and medicine for them. He gave them the same religion and privileges that they had enjoyed before, and made no discrimination in religious sects.

About this time, also, Richelieu suppressed duelling. As duels were fought on every possible pretext, it soon came to pass that more persons died in that way than in any other.

About 1640, he declared war against Spain and Italy. This war lasted five years, and resulted in placing France at the head of all European nations. During this time, he concluded no less than seventy-four foreign treaties.

Richelieu was now near the height of his power. But the nobles chafed under his iron rule, and his life was in constant danger. Many plots were formed against him, an average of three or four being discovered annually.

As an instance of this, it is related that an assembly of nobles invited him to dinner one day, at a certain castle. At a signal from one of the number, the entire body was to rise and murder him. Had he attended this dinner his fate would probably have been like that of Cæsar; but, unlike Cæsar, he heeded a warning sent to him and remained at home. The next day the nobles were arrested and speedily executed.

His government was, in fact, almost an unbroken series of conspiracies. But he always kept well informed concerning these plots, and the plotters were always punished with the utmost severity. The king had a deep dislike for him, and this served as a pretext for conspiracies.

But the king was weak and feared the high spirit of his ministers. However, on Nov. 11, 1630, he consented to his dismissal, an act which caused great rejoicings at court. Richelieu, fearing lest he should lose his power, hastened into the king's presence.

Louis's weak mind was turned in a moment, and Richelieu soon reappeared among his



enemies stronger than ever. The conspirators fled to foreign countries, especially to Spain. The scaffold, the dungeon and exile were the end of all who resisted him.

But, at length, under such pressure, his health began to fail, and at Toulouse he became dangerously ill. He was anxious to return to Paris, and being too sick to ride, he had a litter constructed which would contain his bed and a number of other necessities. This was intended at first to be drawn by horses, but, the roads being in a very bad condition, Richelieu could not bear the fatigues of the journey. Then carrying the litter by sea was tried, but this also was more than he could stand.

The litter was then carried on the shoulders of men. It was so large, that, at one place where he stopped, the side of the house had to be pulled down to admit it. At length, he reached Paris, where, after living but a short time, he died on Dec. 4, 1642.

He died calmly, saying that whatever wrongs he might have committed, he had done all for the best. He named his successor, gave directions concerning the government, and even provided for all emergencies that could arise within the next forty years.

But Richelieu was a great man in other ways than those already mentioned. He was a lover of magnificence, and was the founder of the Palais Royal, a residence even more beautiful than the king's palace, and of the Jardin des Plantes. For twenty years, he was the centre of literature and art in France.

Being himself a writer of no ordinary ability he was always ready to help young artists and writers. One of his best works was the founding of the French Academy. In fact, it may be said that Richelieu did for France what Bismarck has done for Germany.

*Geo. L. Burditt, '89.*

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C. L. S. D. S.

On March 29, the regular meeting of the society was held in the school building, twenty-four members being present.

After the roll-call and reading of the records,

the following persons were admitted to the society:—

S. Howland, '91.

E. P. Jose, '89.

H. L. Flint, '89.

Mr. Allison then submitted the financial report of the committee on the Joint Debate, which was accepted.

The amendment which had been laid over from the previous meeting by which girls were made eligible to membership, was next taken up and discussed. Messrs. Stone, Apsey and McDaniel spoke in favor of the amendment, and Messrs. Campbell, White, Rice and Lawrence against it. After much talk and confusion, the measure was defeated by a vote of 20 to 5.

It was then decided to hold meetings every week for the rest of the term.

The following amendment was next read:—The name of no person who has been present at any time during a meeting, shall be proposed at that meeting.

The rhetorical exercises of the evening were next in order. Mr. Rice first read a humorous selection entitled, "The Bald Headed Man," which was received with applause.

The debate was then taken up, the subject being: Resolved,—That Cuba should be annexed to the United States.

Mr. Rice opened the debate for the affirmative, pointing out the advantages of annexation. Mr. Hill then stated its disadvantages. Mr. Bigelow next made a few witty remarks for the affirmative, and Mr. Apsey supported the opposition. The following gentlemen spoke from the floor:—Messrs. Allison, Stone, Parker Lawrence and White.

The debate was closed by Mr. Apsey for the negative, and Mr. Rice for the affirmative. The jury decided in favor of the negative.

On April 19, the society again assembled. After the roll-call and reading of records, the amendment, which had been laid over at the previous meeting, was taken up and defeated.

The rhetorical exercises of the evening were next in order. Mr. Hovey first read a very acceptable selection. The debate followed, the subject being: Resolved,—That the prohibitory amendment would be beneficial to Massachu-

setts. Mr. Lawrence opened the debate for the affirmative, showing the evils of high license and citing instances of success under prohibition. Mr. Gilman then spoke for the negative. He said that prohibition could not be enforced in Massachusetts any more than in Maine and Rhode Island. Mr. Bonney in reply to the last speaker said, that although he had spent several summers in Maine, he had never seen a drunken person there, and that he believed that prohibition was a success in that state. He also showed the great evils that the liquor traffic is causing even under high license. Mr. Hamilton next spoke for the negative. He said that the amendment was not constitutional, that if we amended the constitution now, it would be liable to constant amendment.

The debate was then thrown open to the house, and a very interesting discussion ensued. Messrs. Stark, Allison, Rogers, C. Lawrence, Cotton and Campbell favored the amendment, and Messrs. Benshimol, Sharples and Stone opposed it. At 9.15 the question returned to the principal disputants, Mr. Hamilton closing for the negative and Mr. Lawrence for the affirmative. The jury awarded the debate to the negative.

The names of Messrs. W. Rhodes and P. Estes were then proposed, and those gentlemen were elected to membership.

W. E. S.

### SCHOOL NOTES.

—Lehan, '90, has left school.

—G. Waldon Smith was chosen Class photographer for '89.

—The boys of '89 have received application blanks for college rooms. Thanks awfully.

—The C. L. S. D. S. has gone back to the old plan of weekly meetings.

—Virgil says that the farmer thins out his crops in the spring time. A similar process goes on in the Latin School.

—There are lots of budding critics in the school. Every month the editor's attention is called to errors in punctuation, spelling, grammar, etc., in the columns of the *Review*. These critics never make mistakes. They never write anything.

—The C. L. S. D. S. will have a public debate on May 10th.

—The Latin School beats the Freshmen. How are the mighty fallen.

—We are glad to see Miss Knowles, '89, back at school once more.

—The school did not patronize the benefit concert of the nine as it should.

—Wrenn and DeWolfe, '88-'92, are trying for places on the Freshman nine.

—Last month's *Review* contained twenty pages, the largest number ever printed.

—The city granted part of the petition asking for the use of the common. It was enough.

—A Malden concert programme says: "Mr. Whitman is the best yodeler Harvard ever had." Rather premature.

—We would be glad to print that Nebraska letter, if "Two Old Boys" would send their names to us. See first page.

—We thank the high school editor for translating the '89 class motto, so that Latin School scholars can read it.

—From the number of visitors that "come to see the animals," the school must have quite a reputation in the scholastic line.

—Mr. Parmenter had some of the members of the Physics class at school on the morning of the 22d. The attendance was voluntary.

—The uniforms of the nine will be the same as last year, excepting that white canvas pants and red hats will be substituted for the gray flannel ones of last year.

—We learn from the *Latin School Register* that the Cambridge High and Latin Schools can enter the Athletic Association any time before May 1st.

### C. H. S. NOTES.

—The Manual Training School is to have a strong base-ball team. It is to be uniformed at Mr. Ellis's expense.

—A very interesting lecture on the Yellowstone National Park was given before the three upper classes on March 29th, by Mr. J. W. McDonald, Principal of the Stoneham High School.

—The slides illustrating the lecture were obtained at an expense of \$8,000, an expedition to the Park being organized for the purpose. Many of the views were beautifully colored, and the solar camera brought them out with wonderful brilliancy.



—At present our school is represented on the base-ball nine by Reed and Bradford of '89, and Whiting of '90.

—Nearly a dozen mottoes were presented for approval by the committee, but the one selected had a large majority.

—The Committee on Public Property has selected the Ingalls and Hendricks system of heating and ventilating for the new High School.

—Many of the scholars missed an enjoyable entertainment by not being present at the concert at Lyceum Hall for the benefit of the base-ball team.

—The date of the first Spring Meet has been set down for May 1st. There will be some fourteen events, open only to members of the society.

—There have been 187 *Reviews* sold in the school since November, an average of about 37 copies a month. That is very good support, though it might be better.

—The seniors have chosen the following for their class motto: "*Altius ibunt qui ad summa intuentur.*" (They attain most who strive for the highest.) We shall try to live up to it.

—Quite a number of the future graduates found their way to McCormick's during the April vacation. We hope that the pictures will be too good to find their way into any "Rogues' Gallery."

—The closing session of the Evening High School was held on the evening of April 1st. The school has been a great success, 165 pupils' names appearing on the roll. The average attendance for the term was 63.

—The regular monthly meeting of the Athletic society was held on April 2nd. It was voted to allow members to use the apparatus during the vacation. Permission was granted the society by Mr. Conrad to keep the apparatus in his cellar during that time.

—The following are some of the records that have been made by members of the Athletic Society: Running broad jump, 16 ft. 2½ in.; standing broad jump, 9 ft. 2 in.; running high jump, 4 ft. 7½ in.; standing high jump, 3 ft. 8½ in.; throwing the hammer, 6 ft. 3 in.; putting the shot, 24 ft. 3 in.; running hop, 13 ft. 8 in.

## NOTICES.

Back numbers of the *Review* (excepting Nos. 2 and 3 of Vol. I) can be obtained of the Business Manager at half the usual price. No numbers of Vol. III will be sold as back numbers. Graduates and all who are interested in the school are invited to subscribe.

ALBERT MANN, *Business Manager.*

All copy must be in on or before May 10, 1889, in order to be published in the *May Review*. Further instructions to Editors.

ARTHUR P. STONE, *Editor-in-Chief.*

C. H. & L. S. B. B. C.—Next Championship game, on Cambridge Common, May 4, 1889, at 3.00 P. M. All be on hand. C. H. & L. S. vs. Brown & Nichols.

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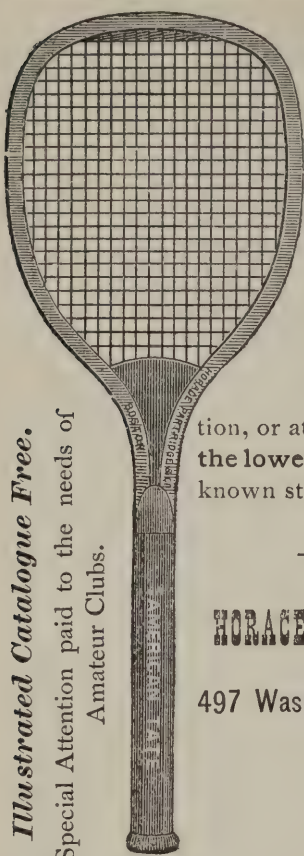
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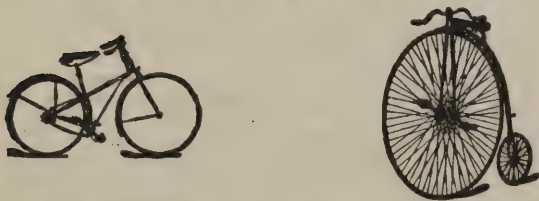
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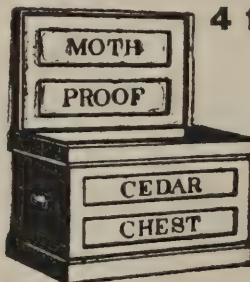
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# THE LATIN SCHOOL REVIEW

MAY, 1889

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# THE LATIN SCHOOL REVIEW.

VOL. III.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., MAY, 1889.

No. VIII.

THE *Review* is published monthly during the school year by the undergraduates of the Cambridge Latin School. Communications may be left with any of the editors at the School, or mailed to Arthur P. Stone, 28 North Ave., Cambridge, Mass. Contributors will please write on one side of the paper only, and sign their names in full, though not necessarily for publication.

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## THE MONTH.

A GREAT deal is being said in the school about the nine, and many predict that Cambridge will not come out anywhere near the top. It is true there are weaknesses in the nine, but they are such as can be easily remedied. The nine is strong in both batting and base running, and will give the opposing fielders all they want to do. The infield is above the average and can usually be relied upon to back up the battery. The battery is not a "star" one, but can be expected to do good, steady work. The outfield is weak, and it is there that the most improvement must be made.

The men are not at all sure of high flies, and are slow in backing up bases. This can be easily overcome, however, and we feel sure that the men referred to will do their best to conquer these difficulties. The great trouble with the team, however, is its carelessness. In almost any score you come across you will see one inning in which our men let in a large number of runs. If one player makes an error, every other man wants to be on the watch for a chance to make up for it, and above all wants to keep cool. If the nine can avoid these errors we have pointed out, and the school gives them the support we know it will, we shall all have the pleasure of dancing round the electric light pole once more before the close of school.

We wish to call especial attention to the graduation number. It will be the last number that the present management will issue, and every effort will be made to make it the best

number yet published. It will be larger than its predecessors and will contain many new and we trust interesting features. Accompanying it will be an index to volume three, containing all the articles published in this volume together with their authors. Among other things will be the following: The public debate with Roxbury, Graduation exercises, Names of the graduates of both schools, Statistics about the nine, Account of the school meeting, Order of the examinations, and all the usual departments.

### THE HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETIC MEET.

THE first meet of the recently organized Athletic Society was held on the afternoon of May 1st, and proved a highly successful affair. There were ten events and fifty-two entries. The first event on the program was the one hundred yards dash. There were six entries, but only five appeared at the start. Reed '89 got the start and held the lead to the finish closely followed by Howe '89 and Moore '90 tied for second place. Reed's time was  $11\frac{1}{4}$  seconds.

The shot-putting brought out five contestants. Moore '90 finally successful in putting it 25 ft. 2 in. with Howe '89 second with a put of 23 ft. 9 in. The running high jump came next and was one of the best events of the meeting. Reed '89, Howe '89, Whiting, '90 and Cram '90 were the contestants in this event. Cram fell out at 4 ft. 5 in. and Howe at 4 ft.  $6\frac{3}{4}$  in., leaving Reed and Whiting to finish. Reed cleared 4 ft.  $10\frac{3}{4}$  in. and won, with Whiting second at 4 ft.  $8\frac{3}{4}$  in.

Reed, Howe and Bradford entered for the three standing broad jumps. Bradford won with a score of 24 ft. 7 in. Howe was second with 24 ft. 4 in. to his credit. Moore '90 easily won the hammer throwing, with a throw of 69 ft. 3 in., followed by Howe with a throw of 65 ft. 10 in. Reed won the standing high jump with 3 ft.  $11\frac{1}{4}$  in., with Howe second at 3 ft.  $8\frac{1}{2}$  in. There were four entries for the running broad jump. This event was finally won by Howe with a jump of 17 ft.  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. Reed obtained second place by a jump of 17 ft. 1 in.

In the standing broad jump Reed jumped 9 ft. 2 in. and won the event. Cram was second with 9 ft.  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. In the hop, skip and jump, Whiting scored 34 ft. followed by Howe with 33 ft.  $11\frac{1}{4}$  in. Reed cleared 5 ft. 1 in. in the standing backward jump, and Howe 4 ft.  $9\frac{1}{4}$  in.

The winner in each event was given 5 points, second 3 points and third 1 point. The score by points was: Reed, 30; Howe, 28; Moore, 13; Whiting, 8; Bradford, 7; Cram, 3; Turner, 2; Barrett, 1. Encouraged by the success of this meeting the society will probably hold one or more meets before the end of the school year. The last one will be open to both schools and prizes will probably be offered.

L. G. B.

### ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS OF THE AENEID.

MORE than eighteen centuries have rolled away since Virgil gave to the world his famous Epic poem, but the wonderful production of his genius is still read and admired to-day by every civilized nation. It is surprising to think that in the present age of the world, with all its wonderful inventions and brilliant achievements, men of letters should gaze at the poems of Homer and Virgil, written so long ago, and confess that they are unable to equal, much less to excel, those master-pieces of antiquity. But such is the case, and we can only hope that the inhabitants of this sphere two thousand years hence, will in turn read and admire the productions of the poets of to-day.

Many men have given up their lives to the study of Virgil, and there have been several translations of the *Aeneid* into English verse. John Dryden translated not only the *Aeneid*, but also the *Georgics* and the *Eclogues*. In addition to Dryden's translation, Conington, Cranch, and our own John D. Long, of political fame, have turned their attention to the same field. It may be of interest to some to look at a few specimens of the poetical translations of these scholars. Let us take for instance, the first seven lines of the First Book, beginning with that old familiar verse: "*Arma virumque cano, Trojae qui primus ab oris.*"



Dryden translates the passage as follows :

"Arms, and the man I sing, who, forced by Fate,  
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate,  
Expelled and exiled, left the Trojan shore.  
Long labours, both by sea and land, he bore,  
And in the doubtful war, before he won  
His banished gods restored to rights divine;  
The Latin realm, and built the destined town;  
And settled sure succession in his line,  
From whence the race of Alban fathers come,  
And the long glories of majestic Rome."

The following is Connington's translation :

"Arms and the man I sing, who first,  
By Fate of Ilian realm amerced,  
To fair Italia onward bore,  
And landed on Lavinium's shore : —  
Long tossing earth and ocean o'er,  
By violence of heaven, to sate  
Fell Juno's unforgetting hate ;  
Much labored too in battle-field,  
Striving his city's walls to build,  
And give his Gods a home :  
Thence come the hardy Latin brood,  
The ancient sires of Alba's blood,  
And lofty-rampired Rome."

The lines are thus translated by Long :

"I sing of war. I sing the man who erst,  
From off the shore of Troy fate-driven, came  
To the Lavinian coast in Italy,  
Hard pressed on land and sea, the gods malign,  
Fierce Juno's hate unslaked. Much, too, he bore  
In war, while he a city built, and set  
His gods in Latium. Thence the Latin race,  
Our Alban sires, the walls of haughty Rome!"

Dryden's translation is very beautiful, but he departs very widely from the Latin, not so much in this passage perhaps, as in others. A scholar very naturally might ask, "Where do you get 'and settled *sure succession* in his line?' or by what process of declension or conjugation can you obtain in the last line 'the long glories' from the Latin word *moenia*?" You may say "If Dryden was here I'd ask him about it," but if Dryden was here, he would probably say that he always intended to write *poetry*. In Connington's translation the tenth and last lines are shorter than the rest, which gives a pleasant variety to the poetry. His great genius see somewhere in the first two lines of the Latin text, the extraordinary thought of "By Fate of Ilian realm amerced." We poor benighted scholars of the Cambridge Latin School might

study months on this passage, but we would never dream of such a cool and daring piece of eloquence in translating it, as this. Long is the only one of the three who does not make his verses rhyme. His translation also is by far the most literal, probably for the reason that he gives to the words somewhere near the meanings which they have in the Latin dictionary, and does not try to find words that rhyme. While Long's translation as a poetic production cannot be compared with Dryden's, nevertheless I think that it is very fine, and that Americans should be proud of John D. Long, not only as a statesman but as a scholar.

### EXCHANGES.

WE have decided this month, instead of devoting our space to reviewing our exchanges, to print a few of the complimentary things our contemporary school journals have said about us.

In our entire collection of this year's exchanges we have not found one adverse criticism of our paper, with one exception ; and this one exception was merely the suggestion of a certain paper, that we gave more space to football than might be deemed necessary.

This is a state of being that few school papers can boast of, and it ought to be a source of encouragement and gratification to members of the school, as well as to the editors of the paper. Now for our clippings.

"La Vie," in the *Latin School Review*, is the best short story we have seen in our exchanges for some time.—*Penn Charter Magazine*.

The *Latin School Review* comes to hand with plenty of good reading matter—*Academy Scholium*.

*The Arms Student*, *The Latin School Review* and *The Volante* all speak of competent editors who seek to make their journals as good as possible.—*Springfield High School Sun*. Feb.

We think "January and July," in *Latin School Review*, an excellent poem for boys to read.—*High School Record*.

*Latin School Review*, from Cambridge, has

a good column of "Witty Words," and the prize essay, "The Character of Oliver Cromwell," deserves especial mention.—*Volunteer*.

The *Oak, Lily and Ivy* says "Among the exchanges new to us, is the *Latin School Review*, from Cambridge, Mass., elegantly gotten up as to paper and type, and not behind its contemporaries in literary merit.

*The Latin School Review* is very good this month.—*High School Graphic, March*.

*The Latin School Review* is another paper which seems to understand that a school organ should not publish two or three pages of tedious articles, written by the teachers, but gives a good part of its space to foot-ball.—*S. H. S. Sun*.

*The Latin School Review*, Cambridge, Mass., appears in immaculate white. Its general appearance is pleasing, and its literary department interesting.—*High School Times*.

*The Latin School Review* is an extra fine paper and we value it, and with great pleasure make its acquaintance.—*High School Graphic*.

It brings the tears to our eyes to read the following in the *Latin School Review*: (quoting a verse of the "The Lay of Alas," which is a rare compliment both to the author and our paper, and going on), This monthly, published in the shadow of mighty Harvard, is one of the best school publications that has yet come under our notice.—*High School Annual*.

"The Character of Oliver Cromwell," a prize essay in *Latin School Review* is a very fine one.—*Stray Shot*.

One thing especially noticeable in the above clippings, is the frequency with which our individual writers are praised. This ought to encourage all to take an interest in the paper and endeavor to make themselves worthy of especial notice, while at the same time they raise the standard of the *Review* till it towers far above all competitors. *R. L. R.*

---

C. L. S. D. S.

THE most successful year in the history of the society is drawing to a close. We all feel that we have gained a great deal of good from it and are confident that it will be even more prosperous next year. As a last opportunity of

showing off our powers this year we are going to have a joint debate with the Roxbury Latin School Debating Society, at which we hope to be more successful than in our last public debate.

On May 3 the members of the society assembled at the usual time and place.

After the roll-call and reading of records, Mr. Dallinger submitted a report in behalf of the committee on the Roxbury debate. It was then voted to elect the principal disputants of that debate by ballot. The balloting resulted as follows:

- (1) A. P. Stone, '89.
- (2) F. W. Dallinger, '89.
- (3) A. Campbell, '89.

The rhetorical exercises of the evening were then taken up, First Mr. Allison read a very acceptable selection.

Next in order was the debate of which the subject was: Resolved,—That John Bright was a greater statesman than William Gladstone. Messrs. White and Dallinger supported the affirmative and Messrs. Jose and Hamilton the negative. When the debate was opened to the house, the following gentlemen spoke from the floor. On the affirmative:—Messrs. White, Dallinger, and Bird; on the negative:—Messrs. Rice and Hamilton. Messrs. Jose and Dallinger closed the debate for their respective sides. The jury decided the debate in favor of the affirmative by a vote of three to two.

On May 10, the society again assembled and as there was no business to be transacted the rhetorical exercises of the evening were taken up at once.

Mr. Howland first read a humorous selection which was received with applause.

The debate followed, the subject being: Resolved,—That a candidate for the presidency should be elected on grounds of party politics and not of personal character.

Mr. Clark opened the debate for the affirmative. He said that a man might, have a good personal character and yet govern the nation well, whereas an upright man might not have the faculty of governing. Mr. Cotton then spoke for the negative saying that the foremost man in the land should be someone whom we honor



and respect. Mr. Bigelow next spoke for the affirmative followed by Mr. Bird of the negative. The debate was then opened to the house and a hot discussion ensued, the following gentlemen taking part.—Affirmative: Messrs. Rice, Stone, Jose, Hamilton and Jacobs; negative: Messrs. Benshimol, McDaniel and White. A few of the members wandered from the point a little and had quite a heated party dispute. However, that only made the debate more interesting and as it all ended amicably no harm was done.

Messrs. Cotton and Clark closed for the negative and affirmative respectfully.

The jury awarded the debate to the affirmative.

W. E. S.

### ON THE CAMPUS.

#### BASE-BALL.

On Apr. 24th, a seven-inning game was played with Harvard '89, and resulted 15 to 7 in our favor. As bad weather prevented the second championship game with Hopkinson's private school on April 26 it was played May 2, on the Spruce Street grounds, North Cambridge, and ended with the score 26 to 4 in our favor. Although the grounds were bad, our team played fairly well. Dickinson and Linfield did the best batting, the former making a home-run over the fence.

The third championship game with Brown and Nichols' private school was quite a surprise as it was thought that our nine would have no trouble in defeating their opponents. In fact had it not been for two unfortunate errors in the eighth innings by Brown and Nichols' boys, our team would have been defeated. As it was three runs came in on those errors, and it was our game by the score of 8 to 7. Linfield pitched very well but was poorly supported in the field.

On Friday, May 17, Chauncy Hall tendered her resignation from the Association, and it was accepted. All games with this club will be dropped out, making the standing of the clubs as follows:

	Won.	Lost.
Cambridge.....	4	0
Boston Latin.....	3	0
English High.....	3	1
Roxbury Latin.....	3	2
Brown and Nichols'.....	1	3
Hopkinson's.....	1	4
Noble's and Hale's.....	0	4

#### FOOT-BALL.

The spring meeting of the Inter-scholastic Foot-ball Association was held May 4 at which Capt. Wrenn and Whittemore '92, represented our school. The chief business of this meeting was the election of officers for the ensuing year which resulted as follows: President, G. W. Whittemore of our school; vice president, Waters of Boston Latin; secretary, B. B. Beals of Roxbury Latin; treasurer, Lee of Hopkinson's. Adams Academy, Dorchester and Newton High schools were not admitted to the association, as was intended, since no representatives were present from those schools.

#### A MODERN ECLOGUE.

WHEN the red sun sinking low, has stained the soft  
clouds with its splendor,  
And through the cool meadow path, the laborer weary  
returning  
Hears o'er its pebbles the brook rushing, murmuring  
low to the sedges;  
Then I come forth from my cot, and lighting my  
fragrant Havana,  
Swing in my hammock and dream, as I watch the blue  
smoke-wreaths upcurling.  
List Amaryllis, sweet maid, and I'll sing of my heart's  
true affection;  
For all my loves of the past, I assure you I don't care  
a penny.  
You and you only, my love, are enshrined in my heart  
just at present.  
What can I offer thee now to induce you to leave the  
gay city?  
Can this poor town offer thee for thy sojourn suffi-  
cient attraction?  
I have a horse of my own which Amyntas has many  
times sighed for.  
Swiftly it runs o'er the fields, and leaps gates of five  
bars quite superbly.  
This shall be yours if you'll come, and reside in our  
small rustic township.  
And 'neath the shade of some elms I've a tennis cour  
thirty by seventy,



Marked with white paint on the grass, and the net is the latest in fashion.

Here you can use if you like, my racket, a new Peck and Snyder.

Foolish Amyntas for that was teasing me yesterday morning.

If you decide not to come, I shall lend it to him, so be careful.

Nor am I plain, for I saw my face in a cheval-glass reflected.

Nor do I fear to compete with Dixey if you are the umpire.

I have a sweet-toned guitar, and can play serenades 'neath your window,

When the pale moon from her throne is silvering woodland and fountain.

Hunting-hounds, slipped from the leash bound after the fox, panting hotly.

Boys chase small insects with nets, and glory in new caterpillars.

I with my eyes and my song pursue in vain chaste Amaryllis.

Each of us all have an aim which he follows with ardent persistence.

Ah, Corydon, Corydon, what madness is this you are dreaming?

You are a rustic, but she whom you love is a Beacon Street maiden,

Wrapped in Bostonian ice she dreams not of your very existence.

Seek out some sweet rustic maid to smile on your pretty attention,

If the fair girl from the "Hub" don't appreciate gifts so delightful,

Now in your dove-cots the doves are soothing their young into slumber,

With a soft murmuring song, monotonous, low, and caressing.

And the young lambs in the fold are nestling beside their soft mothers.

Shadows of evening descend in gathering dusk from the mountains.

I must arouse from my dream and hasten to duties neglected.

Homer and Virgil await, while I solace my love with a sonnet,

I must try "Pigs in the Clover" to solace my blue melancholy.

— Contributions for the graduation number solicited from all.

— Be sure and attend the meeting to elect the Board of Directors.

— Parker, '92, has been out of school over a month on account of sickness.

— The Double Quartette of '88 has changed its name to the Apollo Club.

— A combination of accidents delayed the last number. We'll never do so again.

— The first group photographs of '89 were not very good. Not the fault of the class, of course.

— Every scholar wants to turn out with flag and horn for the remainder of the base ball games.

— An account of the graduation exercises of the C. H. S. will be given in our next number.

— Those scholars who don't appreciate the *Review* ought to read what our exchanges say of us in this number.

— The second nine defeated the Browne and Nichol's team by a score of 17 to 8. The first nine defeated the same team 8 to 7.

— The Pope Mfg. Co. have issued a very pretty lithograph for those stores that are to close early during the summer. We should advise all our advertisers to send for it.

— An enthusiastic meeting of the alumni was held at Mr. Henshaw's room in Weld. It was voted to have a dinner open to all graduates of the school on Oct. 15th, and arrangements for a permanent organization will be made then.

— The team has played two practice games against the Freshmen. The first, a five inning game, the Freshmen won by a score of fifteen to six. In the second but four innings were played, the score being six to five in favor of Cambridge.

— The subject for the debate with Roxbury is, *Resolved*: That the success of the Republican party in 1888 is not to be deplored. Messrs. Dallinger, Campbell and Stone will be Cambridge's representatives and will uphold the affirmative. The debate will be held at Fauntleroy Hall, Wenonah St., Roxbury, on May 24, 1889. Further particulars will be posted later.

— Following are the colors of the various schools in the Inter-Scholastic.

Browne and Nichols	black and gray.
Roxbury Latin,	black and red.
Boston Latin,	blue and gray.
English High,	black and white.
Cambridge,	crimson and white.
Hopkinsons'	blue and white.

#### SCHOOL NOTES.

- Look out for the graduation number.
- Where is the spring tennis tournament.
- All want to go to the debate with Roxbury.

## C. H. S. NOTES.

— Every school record was broken in our recent spring meet.

The M. I. T. class are busily preparing for the ordeals of May 30 and 31.

— We wonder how many have counted the school days remaining between now and the middle of June.

An examination of the Seniors' Monday English work has elicited much well-deserved praise. It pays to be painstaking.

— The Training School Nine was defeated in a ten inning game on May 11th by the Russell's of West Somerville. The score was 13 to 12.

— The 30th of April passed, and no holiday was given us. Yet, with all the discontent, there was but one scholar absent in the first class.

— Forbes, '89, won the second prize, a "Sears' Special" racket in the one mile interscholastic bicycle race at the race meet on Holmes Field, May 11th.

— Fuller, '91, took a group photograph of those that entered the various events, together with the judges of the meet and the officers of the society.

— Miss Hawkes, Miss White, Miss Taylor, Miss Hastings, Mr. Wheeler and Miss Stockwell received, in the order given, four-year averages above 90 per cent.

— Miss Hawkes has received the highest average in the class for the four years course and will be the Valedictorian of the class. Miss White will deliver the Salutatory.

— Moore, '90, should be congratulated. According to the April *Review* he succeeded in throwing the hammer 6 ft. 3 in. At the spring meeting, after numerous trials he managed to beat his record.

— On Wednesday, Apr. 24, we had another interesting lecture. Mr. Edw. B. Drew, commissioner of customs in the Chinese Imperial Government service gave us many valuable points about China, its language and its people.

— The graduation exercises of the first class will take place at Sander's Theatre, on the evening of Tuesday, June 18th. The diploma examinations will come on the following dates:—

Tuesday, May 28; Shakespeare and French.

Friday, May 31; Latin.

Friday, June 7; History.

## NOTICES.

THE second meet of the E. H. S. A. A. will be held on Wednesday afternoon, June 5th, at 3 o'clock sharp. The events will be as follows and open to members of

the High and Latin schools: running high and broad jumps; standing high and broad jumps; throwing the hammer and putting the shot.

Entries in any of the above events will give in their names to the secretary before June 4th. Further particulars will be posted in the schools later.

L. G. Barrett, *Secretary*.

All copy must be in on or before June 7, 1889, in order to be published in the June *Review*. Further instructions to Editors.

Arthur P. Stone, *Editor-in-chief*.

Back numbers of the *Review*. (excepting Nos. 2 and 3 of Vol. 1) can be obtained of the Business Manager at half the usual price. No numbers of Vol. III will be sold as back numbers. Graduates and all who are interested in the school are invited to subscribe.

Albert Mann, *Business Manager*.

## C. L. S. D. S.

Public debate with Roxbury May, 24, 1889, at 8 P. M. Subject; Resolved: That the success of the Republican party in 1888 is not to be deplored. To be held at Fautleroy Hall, Wenonah St., Roxbury. Cambridge has the affirmative.

C. H. Lawrence, *Secretary*.

## SCHOOL MEETING.

To elect next year's Board of Directors. At recess on the 28th and 29th of May. All members of the school invited to attend. First day, Reports, etc. Second day, Election. By order of the Directors.

M. V. Abbott, *Secretary*.

C. H. & L. S. B. B. C.—The game with Boston Latin will be played on Brookline Common, May 24, 1889. Barges leave Harvard Square at 2.15 P. M. Everybody turn out.

Albert Mann, *Manager*.

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## WITTY WORDS.

— A TEACHER asked a bright pupil what a certain kind of vessel was called.

"A Cruiser," was the reply. "What is the name of the voyage it makes?"

"A cruise, sir."

"What is it manned with?"

"A crew, sir."

"Good. Go up head."

C. H. Abstract.

— Brilliant scholar of '89, translating the sixth but colic. "Of rural lays we sing." This eclogue is a treatise on hen farming, isn't it?"

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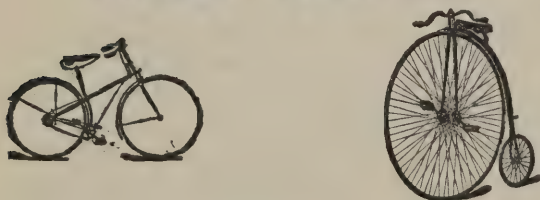
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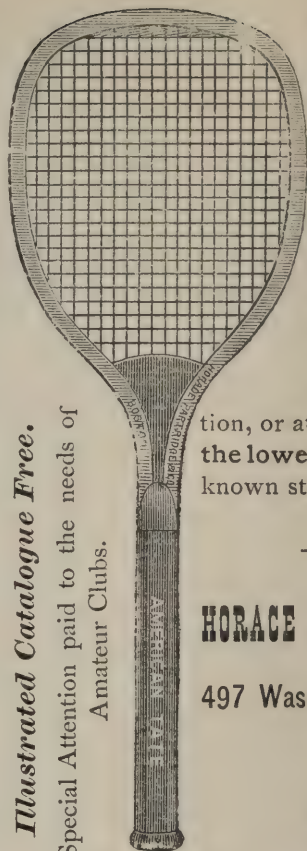
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# THE LATIN SCHOOL REVIEW

JUNE, 1889

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# THE LATIN SCHOOL REVIEW.

VOL. III.

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## THE MONTH.

As usual we have called this column "The Month," but it would perhaps be more appropriate to call it "The Year." It seems to be a most fitting opportunity to review and comment upon the events of the past year, and we hope that our readers will pardon us if we spend a little more time than is usual upon this department. In the first place we wish to extend our heart-felt thanks, to all those who have so ably aided us in our attempts to make the *Review* what it claims to be, a representative school paper. Our co-editors have one and all done everything in their power to improve and help the paper. To those who are to leave us this year we would say, that it is our sincere hope that they are repaid for their time and trouble, and they have our heartiest wishes for all possible success in the future. To those that are still to be upon the staff of the *Review* we are not less obliged, and we feel sure that the success of the *Review* under their management will be more agreeable than any words which we might say. To the Directors our thanks are also due for the excellent advice and kind encouragement which we have always received from them. To those who have under their care the business interests of the *Review*, we can only repeat our thanks, and assure them that they have the highest praise from the whole school. Our friends in the High School have aided us materially in our work, and we hope that they have been amply compensated. And finally to the teachers and scholars of the Latin School we submit our work of the past

year, and hope they can find something to repay them for the interest and kindness they have always exhibited.

The past year has been a very active one for the Latin and High schools and is worthy to be placed on record as the most successful one of the school. With true editorial modesty we will place our own achievements first. The *Review* has greatly improved upon last year. The financial condition was never so good. We have paid all of last year's debts, and have successfully met many new ones, and now leave the paper free from all claims to our successors. The *Review* has been greatly enlarged and the present volume contains nearly one hundred pages, against sixty-six of volume two. We cannot boast much of our success in the literary line for that is not for us to judge, but we think we can truly say that the paper is no worse than last year. We do not pretend to publish a literary, scientific, or educational magazine, and have only tried to make the *Review* the paper representing the Latin School. How far we have succeeded we leave the school to judge.

The Debating Society has been reasonably successful and now has a longer roll-call than ever before. The society has had two public debates and lost one in a hard and meritorious contest. The debates have many of them been extremely interesting and exciting. The last one of the original charter members will leave with this year and the society will have outlived one "generation."

In athletics we have done unusually well. The foot-ball team captured the interscholastic foot-ball cup with the greatest ease not allowing its opponents a single point. The nine fought bravely and lost, but we have the satisfaction of knowing that the men behaved like gentlemen, and have not lost any of the well deserved fame of Cambridge schools. Considerable progress has been made in tennis and track athletics, but not as much as is desirable and can be expected. With regard to the scholastic endeavors we can as yet form no opinion but we see no reason to fear that Cambridge will lose the proud position of the best fitting school in New England.

VALE '89.

FAREWELL to the last of eighties. It seems but a little while since we beheld the departure of eighty-eight, and yet another year has rolled around, and once more the old church is sending forth a class to perpetuate its memory.

It would be affecting to talk of the "world waiting to receive us" of the "fame that must be worked for" or the "stern realities of life," but as the only thing we can see in the future to dread are the Harvard examinations, all this usual pathos seems sadly out of place.

And yet there is a cloud of sadness around us, though it is tinged with the mellow lights of a happy future, when we think that we are to leave those who have become pleasant to us by constant association. We have had our differences and our disputes, and in spite of the angelic sanctity that surrounds all graduates, we can see that we have been unwise in the past and realize that after all we are but human. But let all petty differences be swallowed up in the proud consciousness that we are graduates of the Cambridge Latin School, and members of the Class of '89.

And while we are taking leave of our school let us remember to thank our Heavenly Father for His infinite mercy, let us thank Him that he has allowed our ranks to be unbroken by death, let us pray Him to protect us individually and as a class in the future and let us try to realize those words we have repeated together so often during the years that have gone.

"For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

---

## THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE "SQUEAKY-BEAN."

I LEARN, upon inquiry, that the "squeaky-bean, as a cheap and innocent means of enjoying oneself in school, has become an unknown quantity. I should judge it might be so; for the question as to how much longer the authorities would submit to it, was a subject of discussion in our day.

What the scientific name of this botanical



production was, I never heard, but it might well be called *Stridentulus Irritans*, for its only use on earth, as far as I could discover, was to produce seeds for the use of the pupils of the various public schools. There were (praise the powers!) but two or three trees of the species in the city; and I solemnly believe that the Fathers, seeing their forces so weak, determined to go to the root of the matter, so to speak, and have cut them down.

The tree was innocent looking enough, — rather tall, with long stems on which the leaflets were arranged at regular intervals. At a certain period of the year (my recollection is that it was late in spring), pods began to appear, grew longer and larger, ripened and fell off.

The pods contained the beans; when ripe, they were about a quarter of an inch in diameter, of a brown color, and shaped like a double-convex lens with the edge well rounded off. It was no use climbing the tree to forestall nature: the vocal powers of the bean developed only when it had ripened and fallen off. And the first pod that struck the ground was the signal for eight or ten unquiet squeaks to take up their abode, like banshees, in assorted schools. It was an honor to have the first squeaky-bean of the season, and the representatives of the different schools presented their claims with varying degrees of force and effect.

The *modus stridendi* was as follows: — the bean was placed on the floor, the foot of the operator set firmly upon it, and then given a slight rotary motion. Obviously, the bean must rub, either on the floor or on the shoe sole: and whenever it rubbed, it squeaked. A skilful operator could, with a motion of his foot so slight as to defy detection, produce a sound so exasperating that the mildest of teachers would be moved to fly about the room on the wings of wrath, in vain efforts to find and annihilate the offender.

One year, when '84 was yet in its pina4's, scholastically speaking, the squeaky-bean trees happened to bear an unusually bountiful crop, and in consequence the article appeared in the C. H. S. in numbers to which the old files of check lists could furnish no parallel. At first, their use was confined to the few inveterate

"squeakers," whom years of experience had made known to the teachers as such; but as the trees continued to shower their fruit upon the road which a great many of us were obliged to take to get to school, the temptation became stronger and stronger; one scholar after another yielded to it, took a course of lessons of one of the old offenders, and entered upon his dramatic career. Thus gradually the teachers began to see that they had a serious annoyance to cope with, and that unless in some way they could make it unpopular, it bid fair to be a perpetual one, as the squeaky bean never wears out, and the nuisance only abates ordinarily in proportion as the beans get lost in the cracks of the floor.

So the teachers cast about for a method of making the sport unpopular. It throve on persecution: — the more checks threatened as a punishment, the more fun it was to squeak in such a way as to draw suspicion upon some other fellow, who naturally raised objections, and so would cause a diversion of greater or less magnitude. Long and patiently they thought the problem over, and were as far as ever from reaching a conclusion, when we furnished them the opportunity they wished.

Perhaps I have mentioned before that '84's fortissimo (they had fortes of all degrees) was in the organizing and managing of conspiracies. We had several Napoleons of the art: they would make out a paper, sign it themselves, and secure besides the signatures of three fourths of the class, all in an hour or two, and without the slightest inkling of their design manifesting itself. Well, one day during the epidemic I write about, a document was passed around which read something like this: — "We, the undersigned, agree to squeak together at exactly quarter past ten, and further, each one agrees not to give the others away" — for in proportion as our love of confederation increased, Mr. Bradbury favored it less and less — and he was down on it from the first.

As the hand of the clock touched a quarter past ten, the conspirators all looked toward the originator and leader of the movement: he adjusted his bean, and a pleasant sound became audible, comparing, if to anything, to that of filing a rusty saw, stuck, as is the farmer's

custom, in the top of a picket fence, whose tuneful note causes alarm in villages miles away, and the organization of vigilance committees. At the signal, a chorus of answering squeaks went away, till every scholar in the room seemed to be at work. The teacher saw immediately the true state of affairs, but his wits seemed to be paralyzed with the very thought of attempting to stop it. His face grew white; already a smothered laugh had begun to break out among us, as we looked about us with that unconcerned expression peculiar to scholars in mischief, when a head with a black beard looked cautiously around the door. In an instant, there was silence. We knew instinctively that our beloved principal had been behind the door since the first outbreak, and that he was now going to try to "do" us. That strange excitement which always accompanies a match of wits, took possession of us. What could he do about it? We were prepared for an exhibition of financiering, but we didn't expect what happened.

With his blandest smile, our principal advanced to the platform, but not for an instant did he let us get out of his sight. The timid conspirator felt an inclination to pick up his bean and throw it under some other fellow's desk; but he was afraid to stoop. Then we listened to one of those bursts of eloquence which if reported would add a lustre even to the present fame of the C. H. S. He had heard the noise he said, in passing, and it had impressed him with the idea that this charming spring sport had not only become old enough to vote, but had come within the legal age in which it is admissible, for due cause proven, to execute a sentence of death. He alluded to the special aggravation of the case, — the difficulty of finding the offender, — and went on: — "Now, though I don't like the method at all, it is my intention to have a little detective work done; and first I must state that any pupil seen leaning forward while the operation goes on, will be considered one of the culprits, and treated accordingly. Will you please keep account of such, Mr. —."

The truth dawned upon us, but no one dared reach down for his bean, nor move to kick it

off his premises. Mr. B. made a pilgrimage through the aisles, and carefully examined, as our class wit put it, every foot of the way. With resolute hand, he grasped every trousers-leg in the crowd, raised the foot, — and under each, with comical unanimity, was the "squeaky-bean." With terrible sarcasm, unspoken but implied, he left it where it lay; but the list of names on his little note-book grew and grew, and a quiet of more and more Sabbatical consistency began to overspread the room. No fellow picked up his bean that was left where it lay: he didn't want it. Talk about the butt of our first cigar! The piece of cake with which our sister lured us home from the first authorized swimming excursion! Our first stolen apple, after our parent had explained to us the sinfulness of it! We've a big black line to parallel these: — the squeaky-bean. that our principal declined to deprive us of.

And so I say (and I say it with a dim recollection of home that is anything but "fond") that I should *judge* the squeaky-bean would have gone out before this: — it became somewhat unpopular in our day.

---

#### C. L. S. D. S.

After the defeat which we received at the hands of the Dorchester society, we were anxious to try again and redeem our reputation. Accordingly when a note was received from the Roxbury Latin School Debating Society, asking us to hold a joint debate with them, we eagerly consented and appointed a committee to confer with a similar committee from Roxbury.

As a result of the meeting of these committees, on the evening of May 24th about twenty of the members of the society left Harvard Square for Roxbury. We must not forget to say that one of the fellows escorted three young ladies and seated himself with them on the back seat, doubtless forgetful of the sign, "Smoking allowed on the three rear seats." After a long ride and a short walk we reached the hall and took seats on one side.

At 8.10 P. M. Mr. Forbes of Roxbury called



the meeting to order and announced, as the first number on the programme, a flute solo by Mr. N. S. Bacon of Cambridge. Next Miss Meyer of Roxbury gave a vocal solo entitled "Clover Blossoms." Both the performances were applauded vigorously.

The presiding officer then stated the rules to govern the debate and read the subject: Resolved,—That the result of the late presidential election is not to be deplored, saying that Cambridge would support the affirmative and Roxbury the negative. He announced as the first speaker, Mr. Stone of Cambridge.

Mr. Stone said that the Republican Party was a party of protection: not only of the tariff, but of the homes and the public school. He also said, that although Cleveland made many fair promises before his election, nevertheless, he did not hold to them, and gave as a striking example of this Civil Service Reform, which he said was a complete failure under the last administration.

Mr. J. R. Webster, Jr., of Roxbury was the next speaker. He admitted that Civil Service Reform under the last administration was not a success, but he said that Cleveland did the best he could and that Harrison had made many mistakes already.

Mr. Campbell of Cambridge was next announced. He spent his time in dealing with the Tariff showing that its protection was necessary both to the working man and the employer.

Mr. Olmstead of Roxbury was the next speaker. He said that the Tariff did not affect wages and declared that it was unjust in that it made raw material higher and placed a tax on some articles which are not found in the United States.

Mr. Dallinger of Cambridge then took the floor. His impetuous sallies carried the audience with him and weakened the arguments of his opponents. He said that in the war of the Rebellion the Democratic party aided the South and hence were traitorous to the country. He dwelt longest on the suppression of the colored vote in the south, saying it is a fact which the Democrats do not deny that a large proportion

of the negroes of the south are prevented from voting.

Mr. Clark of Roxbury spoke next. He said that the Democratic Party was not in favor of Free Trade, but a reduction of the tariff, since the government collects unnecessary taxes. He admitted that the Democrats were not loyal to the Union in the war but said that the party had changed very much since then.

The running debate was next on the programme and was carried on by Messrs. Stone and Clark. Their arguments were close and interesting, almost every argument of one being answered by the other.

At the close of the running debate, the jury, consisting of three gentlemen from the Harvard Union, withdrew to decide the question.

While the jury were out Mr. W. V. MacGill gave a very acceptable reading and Miss Meyer sang another solo.

For several minutes everyone in the hall was kept in suspense but at last the jury returned. The foreman, Mr. C. W. Thayer of '89, mounting the platform, said that, taking into account the way in which the speakers laid down their facts and the ability which they had shown in holding to those facts, they had decided to award the debate to the affirmative.

After many congratulations and hand-shakings we filed out of the hall and took the car for Cambridge. The ride home was better than all the rest. We cheered for everything we could think of and then began again. At last we reached Harvard Square and dispersed to our homes, all agreeing that it was a big success and a great victory.

W. E. S.

---

### THE GRADUATING EXERCISES OF THE HIGH SCHOOL.

THE graduating exercises of the High School were held as usual in Sanders Theatre, on the evening of June 18th. The hall was crowded to its utmost, and the appreciative audience enjoyed this occasion, so interesting to all citizens of Cambridge. The Salutatory was in Latin, so the writer was unable to understand it, but



those who had never had the advantages of the C. L. S. pronounced it good.

The recitations in English and German were a new departure, and were thoroughly enjoyed by all. The exercise in literature was rather long, but owing to the number and excellence of the characters not at all monotonous. The reading from the Merchant of Venice at the close was especially worthy of notice. The Story of a Sunbeam was illustrated by charts and experiments prepared by the scholars, and showed the high degree of knowledge attained by the pupils in scientific study.

The Annals of the Class was waited for with unusual impatience as it had been kept a profound secret. It contained many witty and bright ideas, and some hits which, although Greek to the audience, seemed to amuse the Class. The Valedictory was really quite a finished production. The pathos that always attends the farewell of the Class, was noticeable and particularly well brought out. We would be glad to give a further description of the exercise but are unable to do so for want of space. Following is the programme, with the names of the Class of '89:

#### ORDER OF EXERCISES.

##### MUSIC.

##### 1. *Salutatory in Latin.*

Isabelle D. White.

##### 2. *Recitations:*

The Castle by the Sea (*Longfellow's Translation*),  
Misses Jones and Bailey.  
Das Schloss am Meere (*Uhland*)  
Misses Jones and Magay.

##### MUSIC.

##### 3. *A Class Exercise in Literature.*

*The Merchant of Venice.*  
Chairman, representing the Teacher.

Frederic N. Mowll.  
The Work of the Critics. Elizabeth A. Stark.

##### Themes:

The Merchant Prince, Bessie E. Small. Read by Helen P. Holmes. The Usurer, Alice B. Holbrook. Read by Helen L. Douglass. The Heiress, Julia A. Sparrow. Read by Annie T. Fenton.

##### Exposition and Paraphrase:

Sarah M. Crawford, Stella L. Cotton.

##### Choice Passages:

Eva G. Moore,	John W. Browne,
Georgina Gibson,	Henry A. Howe,
Clara M. Whitney,	Katie G. O'Brien.
Martha C. Govan,	Mary J. McGuigan.

##### Theme:

The Utility and Art of Quoting. Rachel K. Taylor.

##### Adapting Quotations:

Anna R. Hayes, Catharine A. Sheehan,  
Bertha F. Richardson, Isabella G. Woods.

Reading: The Plighted Rings, with Introduction by Anna F. Manning.

Portia . . . . .	Jennie H. Stockwell.
Nerissa . . . . .	Lena E. Dow.
Bassanio . . . . .	Homer W. Boyer.
Gratiano . . . . .	Alfred C. Lurner.
Antonio . . . . .	Joseph B. Walsh.

##### MUSIC.

##### 4. The Story of a Sunbeam (Illustrated).

The Ocean of Light,	Arthur S. Pevear.
The Rainbow Spectrum,	Isaac Bradford, Jr.
White-hot Solids and Liquids,	A. Mead Wheeler.
Glowing Gases,	Charles L. Bent.
The Secret of the Dark Lines,	Wallace K. Gaylord.
The Sun Revealed,	Louis G. Barrett.

##### MUSIC.

##### 5. The Annals of the Class.

Historic . . . . .	Fred B. Forbes.
Prophetic . . . . .	Mabel L. Hastings.

##### MUSIC.

##### 6. Valedictory: Laurels.

Caira D. Hawkes.

##### MUSIC.

His Honor Mayor Gilmore, after a few well adapted remarks, presented diplomas to the following pupils:

Louis Greenleaf Barrett, Charles Lyman Bent, Homer Walker Boyer, Isaac Bradford, Jr., John Warren Browne, Fred Bettinson Forbes, Wallace Kendall Gaylord, John Henderson Gray, Henry Adams Howe, Harry Franklin Kimball, Frederic Newell Mowll, Arthur Stetson Pevear, David Chauncey Proudfoot, Arthur Gordon Reed, Alfred Copeland Turner, Joseph Berchman Walsh, Abraham Mead Wheeler, Abbie Redman Annable, Fannie Helen Bailey, Elizabeth Baker, Stella Lydia Cotton, Sarah MacDonald Crawford, Alice Josephine Crowell, Helen Louise Douglass, Lena Ellsworth Dow, Annie Theresa Fenton, Georgina Gibson, Martha Cochran Govan, Mabel Livermore Hastings, Caira Douglass Hawkes, Anna Rogers Hayes, Alice Brooks Holbrook, Clara Elizabeth Holmes, Helen Presstman Holmes, Mary Chandler Jones, Mary Anne Magay, Anna Frances Manning, Mary Jane McGuigan, Eva Gertrude Moore, Bertha Jane Norris, Katie Gertrude O'Brien, Bertha Faustina Richardson, Catherine Agnes Sheehan, Bessie Evelyn Small, Jane Sisson Smith, Julia Anna Sparrow, Elizabeth Allison Stark, Jennie Hurlburt Stockwell, Rachel Kent Taylor, Isabelle Dickson White, Clara Mabel Whitney, Isabella Gertrude Woods.

The exercises were closed by all singing the usual hymn.

## ON THE CAMPUS.

## BASE-BALL.

THE first championship game of importance was played on Brookline Common, with the Roxbury Latin School team. Our team played one of its best games, winning by the score of 9 to 4. In the first inning Cambridge got two runs, and held the lead until the fourth, when her opponents made the score 4 to 2. Roxbury failed to score again, while our nine scored three runs in the fifth, and two in both the sixth and eighth. The battery work of both nines was first class.

On May 22, our nine was defeated by the Somerville High School nine by the score of 8 to 6.

The Boston Latin game was played May 25, but under conditions that showed in no way the relative merits of the two teams. It is enough to say that the game was a farce, and gave the Committee of Donors sufficient cause to order the game to be played over, as they did.

The game with English High on June 6 was fairly well played. It was very close and exciting, until the eighth inning when the English High team went ahead, and won easily by the score of 8 to 3. Cambridge was out-batted and out-fielded, but was ably supported by a large number of her adherents. The batting of our nine was of the most unfortunate kind, no less than seven balls going to the out-field. Cambridge scored two in the third inning and one in the fifth. Our battery work was not quite up to the usual standard.

The game with Boston Latin was played over June 10 on Jarvis Field. In this game our last chance for championship was lost, as our nine was defeated by the score of 10 to 8. Boston Latin won the game by good batting in the first inning and by poor fielding on our part in the sixth, scoring four runs in each of these innings. The game began with Boston Latin at the bat. Hits by Quirk, Paul, Stearns and Strong, together with three errors by our nine, scored four runs. Cambridge scored three runs in her half on errors by her opponents. With the score 6 to 4 in our favor, Boston Latin made two runs

in the fourth inning, and obtained the lead in the sixth by scoring four runs. During the rest of the game our nine made two runs. In the ninth it looked as if the score would be tied. Harding was on second base with one man out. Linfield knocked a liner to Dolan who threw to second, and put out Harding, ending the game. The best batting was done by Mackie for Boston and Fox for Cambridge. The game was lost through weak batting.

The following is the final standing of the clubs, Noble's and Hale's team having dropped out:

	<i>Won.</i>	<i>Lost.</i>	<i>Per cent.</i>
Boston Latin	5	0	100
English High	4	1	80
Cambridge H. and L.	3	2	60
Roxbury Latin	2	3	40
Brown and Nichols'	1	4	20
Hopkinson's	0	5	00

## RECORDS.

Below will be found some statistics which will be of interest to those interested in the work of the team. The nine has played the following games winning eight and losing four.

<i>Date.</i>	<i>Club.</i>	<i>Place.</i>	<i>Score.</i>
April 4	Marions	Brookline	2-8
" 9	Harvard '92	Cambridge	19-16
" 12	Somerville High	"	8-6
" 19	Newton High	Newton	18-12
" 22	* Noble's and Hale's	Cambridge	39-2
" 24	Harvard, '89	"	15-7
May 2	* Hopkinsons	"	26-4
" 4	* Browne and Nichol's	"	8-7
" 14	Harvard, '92	"	6-15
" 18	* Roxbury Latin	Brookline	9-4
" 22	Somerville High	Somerville	6-8
June 4	* English High	Cambridge	3-8
" 10	* Boston Latin	"	8-10

\* Championship games.

The following are records of the club in comparison with the other clubs it has played.

	<i>Runs.</i>	<i>A.B.</i>	<i>Hits.</i>	<i>Average.</i>	<i>Errors.</i>
Cambridge	161	475	127	.267	151
Opponents	94	486	122	.266	146

We were intending to give the fielding averages but were unable to get them made out in time for publication. While the above records are

not entirely satisfactory they are decidedly above the average. We hope that next year they will be still better.

## BATTING AVERAGES.

## RECORDS.

Rank.	NAME.	Total.			Champ. Games.			Rank.
		A.B.	Hits.	Aver.	A.B.	Hits.	Aver.	
1	Corbett	64	23	.359	29	10	.345	3
2	Linfield	63	22	.349	30	12	.400	1
3	Fox	67	20	.298	26	10	.384	2
4	Dickinson	51	15	.294	27	9	.333	4
5	Bradford	38	11	.289	19	5	.263	6
6	Whiting	58	15	.258	26	8	.284	5
7	Whittemore	58	14	.241	27	6	.222	9
8	Harding	59	14	.237	25	6	.240	8
9	Bacon	25	5	.200	4	1	.250	7
10	Reed	56	9	.160	25	4	.160	10

## THE CLASS OF '89.

The following are the members of the fourth graduating class of the school, the class of '89.

Madeline Vaughan Abbott.  
 Constance Grosvenor Alexander.  
 Agnes Teresa Coakley.  
 Alice Amelia Estes.  
 Jessie Garretson.  
 Alice Laura Jose.  
 Caroline Elizabeth McDuffie.  
 Maria Deland McLeod.  
 May Emmeline Sawin.  
 Anna Gertrude Sawyer.  
 Alice Maud Smith.  
 William Henry Allison.  
 Albert Stokes Apsey.  
 Frederick William Dallinger.  
 Charles Wilbert Dudley.  
 Herbert Lincoln Flint.  
 Frederick Herman Yohan Gade.  
 Oliver Bridges Henshaw.  
 Ernest Parlin Jose.  
 Walton Brooks McDaniel.  
 Albion Leroy Millan.  
 Roland Jessup Mulford.  
 Frederick Arthur Olsson.  
 Edward Hartwell Rogers.  
 Ralph Leslie Stevens.  
 Arthur Parker Stone.  
 Frank Raymond Stubb s.

## TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

Notwithstanding the lateness of the season it was decided to hold the tennis tournament as usual this spring. The following is the score of singles. The doubles were not completed in time for this number of the *Review*.

*Preliminary Round.*

Allison, '89 vs. Parker, '92. 6-5, 6-4.  
 R. Coues, C. H. S. vs. Reed, C. H. S. 4-6, 6-2, 6-1.  
 W. Coues, '92 vs. Thayer, '92. 6-1, 6-2.  
 Flint, '89 vs. F. Hill, '91. 6-0, 6-4.  
 L. Hill, '90 vs. Turner, C. H. S. 6-5, 6-5.  
 G. Wrenn, '93 vs. Lawrence, '90. 6-1, 6-4.  
 R. Wrenn, '91 vs. Read, '91. 14-12, 6-2.

*First Round.*

R. Coues, C. H. S. vs. G. Wrenn, '93. Forfeited.  
 L. Hill, '90 vs. Flint, '89. 6-3, 6-2.  
 R. Wrenn, '91 vs. Allison, '89. 6-0, 6-0.  
 W. Coues, '92. Bye.

*Second Round.*

R. Coues, C. H. S. vs. W. Coues, '92. 6-3, 6-2.  
 R. Wrenn, '91 vs. L. Hill, '90. 6-1, 6-2.

*Finals.*

R. Wrenn, '91 vs. R. Coues C. H. S. 4-6, 6-2, 6-1.

## THE EXAMINATIONS AT HARVARD.

*Thursday June 27.*

8 A.M. Applicants meet the officer in charge of the examinations, at Seaver Hall.  
 9-11. \*Elementary Latin.  
 11.30-1.30. \*Elementary Greek.  
 3-4 P.M. Latin Composition.  
 4-6. Advanced Latin.

*Friday June 28.*

8-9 A.M. \*Elementary Physics. (Written examination.)  
 9-10. Plane Geometry.  
 10-11. \*Algebra.  
 11.30-12.30. \*History.  
 12-30-2 P.M. English.  
 3-4. Greek Composition.  
 4-6. Advanced Greek.

*Saturday June 29.*

12.30-1.30 P.M. \*Elementary French.

## \*Second class studies.

N. B. The laboratory examinations in physics will be at hours assigned at the college. They will not come on Thursday, June 27.



## SCHOOL NOTES.

- Good Bye.
- Welcome to the new board.
- Too bad that we lost that Boston Latin game.
- Be sure you have sharp pencils, rubbers, etc. at the examinations.
- The second High school athletic meet has been indefinitely postponed.
- The support that the school has given the nine leaves nothing to be desired.
- Many scholars were present at the graduation exercises of the High School.
- Corbett and Dickinson, '90, were to be on the team to play against Philips Exeter.
- Members of the class of '89 should be sure and subscribe for next year's *Review*.
- The diplomas will be presented to the class of '89 by Mayor Gilmore on Tuesday the 20th.
- That crowd that went over by first base in the B. L. S. game showed the Boston boys how to cheer at any rate.
- The rain held off well for the base-ball game with Boston, but as soon as Cambridge was beaten the very heavens wept.
- We extend our thanks to "Lee", "G. L. B." "R. J. M." and others, and regret that want of space prohibits us from using their manuscript.
- The graduating class of the Latin school contains sixteen boys and eleven girls, that of the High school seventeen boys and thirty-five girls.
- Most of the scholars have received their class photos, and in the majority of cases they are satisfactory. The group photographs are also very good.
- Some of the scholars have taken the examinations for Boston University, and one for Wellesley. The competition for the Vassar scholarship is not very fierce.
- We hope our exchanges will excuse the lack of our exchange column. We have been forced to leave it out but we can assure them that they have our sincere wishes for success in the future.

—The Roxbury Latin school is to be congratulated upon the gentlemanly behavior of the scholars connected with it. The base ball team and the debating society will both bear witness that this is true.

—The C. L. S. D. S. had its annual supper at the Crimson Cafe on the evening of June 14. After enjoying the good things set before them the society came to order for the last time in the year, and Mr. White, '90, the toastmaster, after a few words of welcome, proposed the following toasts:

The Cambridge Latin School. Response by Wm. H. Allison, '89.

Our Teachers. Response by Andrew Campbell, '89. The Examinations. Response by H. N. Parker, '90. The Latin School Review. Response by Arthur P. Stone.

Our Athletics. Response by D. W. Rice, '91. The C. L. S. D. S. Response by Fred W. Dallinger, '89.

During the exercises, T. R. Bird, '92, read an original selection in a very enjoyable manner. After some time spent in telling stories and other amusements the society adjourned for the year.

—We obtained the following fielding averages too late for publication in their appropriate column:

Linfield,	157	17	.892
Dickinson,	125	13	.880
Reed,	32	6	.813
Harding,	77	18	.767
Corbett,	178	47	.738
Whiting,	98	26	.735
Bacon,	14	4	.715
Whittemore,	58	17	.667
Fox,	16	7	.563
Bradford,	8	4	.500

## C. H. S. NOTES.

The Germania orchestra furnished the music at the graduation exercises.

The Manual Training school was open to public inspection on June 17, from 3 to 6 o'clock.

The graduating class were pleasantly entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Hill on the evening of May 31.

There were 17 boys in this year's class against 4 last year. The class of '87, also, had but 4 representatives.

The pupils of the Evening Drawing schools received their year's work on the evening of June 10. No exhibition was held this year.

Howard Whiting, '90, has been made a director on the "Review" staff for next year. He will also take care of the "C. H. S." column.

Fifty-two pupils were graduated in the class of '89. Fifty-two is a multiple of thirteen, but it didn't seem to have any effect on the exercises.

There were 47 papers presented at the recent "Tech." examinations by pupils from this school, and 46 proved successful. That was pretty good work.

Miss Stockwell, Mr. Bradford and Mr. Pevear were not absent during the four years' course. Miss Stockwell was only absent once during her grammar school course.

How many have noticed the gilt-lettered motto over the entrance to the Manual Training school? It reads thus: "Work is one of our greatest blessings. Everybody should have an honest occupation."

#### THE REVIEW MEETING.

As it was found impossible to keep enough of the scholars at recess to have a representative meeting of the school, it was decided that the present Board of Directors should appoint their own successors. At the meeting of the directors the treasurer's annual report was read and accepted. The totals were as follows: Expenditures, \$244.10; receipts, \$247.50; present surplus, \$3.40. The Board of Directors was then elected as follows with no opposition.

<i>President</i>	Adalbert Harding, '90.
<i>Vice President</i>	Miss G. T. Crook, '90.
<i>Secretary</i>	Robert L. Raymond, '91.
<i>Treasurer</i>	Miss A. L. Sawin, '90.

Howard Whiting, C. H. S.  
Wm. E. Stark, '91.  
N. C. Metcalf, '92.

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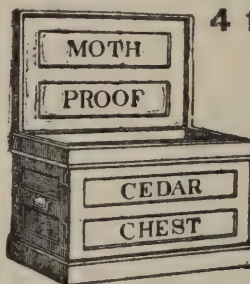
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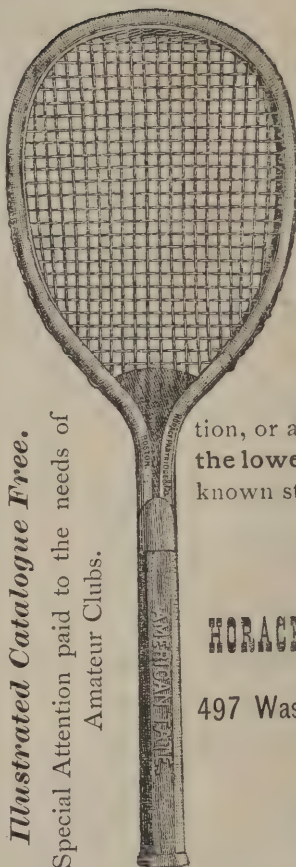
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